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BRITANNIA and Eve

VOL. 49. NO. 1

JULY 1954

CONTENTS

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Cover Design *Amanda*

Articles

Second Youth
by *Nerina Shute* 13 and 64

Dr. Kinsey—Meet My Twins!
by *Alan Brien* 14–15 and 65

The Vase Decides . . .
Illustration
by *Lucien Lowen* 16

Embroidery For Beginners
by *Erika Wilson* 20 and 68

Pinafores To Make 21 and 70

Apply Your Own Colour 22-23 and 70-71

Initial It Yourself 24-25 and 71

Fashion :
Sheer Delight 26–27
Over—And Under 28–29
Crisp In Cotton, Cool In Linen
Illustrations
by *Ruth Freeman* 30–31

A Day To Remember
by *Betty Gordon Joseph*
Illustration
by *Jane Harvey* 32–33 and 66

Hey Diddle Diddle 34–35

The Art Of Being A Grandmother
by *Kathleen Wallace* 38–39 and 69

Places And Purse Strings
by *Hilary Grant* 40–41 and 69

Knit One, Crochet One 42–43 and 72

Cookery :
The Look Of Summer Fare
by *Janet Darby* 44–45 and 72, 73

July Reading
by *Trevor Allen* 49 and 74, 75

The Period Air—In Miniature
by *Michael Sheridan*
Illustrations
by *Hans Schwarz* 50–51 and 76

Beauty :
by *Chrysis* 52–53 and 71

Shopping For You
by *Margaret Sharp* 54–55

Fill Your Room With Fragrance
by *W. E. Shewell-Cooper* 56 and 72

Discussion Points Of The Month 57–60

You Wash, And I'll Wipe
by *Sylvia Ward*
Illustration
by *Wetherbee* 62 and 76

Stories

Green For Danger
by *Margerie Scott*
Illustrations
by *Michie* 9–12 and 64

A Doubtful Pleasure
by *Eve Orme*
Illustrations
by *Theo Batten* 17–19 and 65, 66

The Island
by *Ursula Bloom*
Illustration
by *Wyles* 36–37 and 67, 68

A Moment In Time
by *Mary L. Hacker*
Illustrations
by *Sawyer* 46–48 and 73, 74

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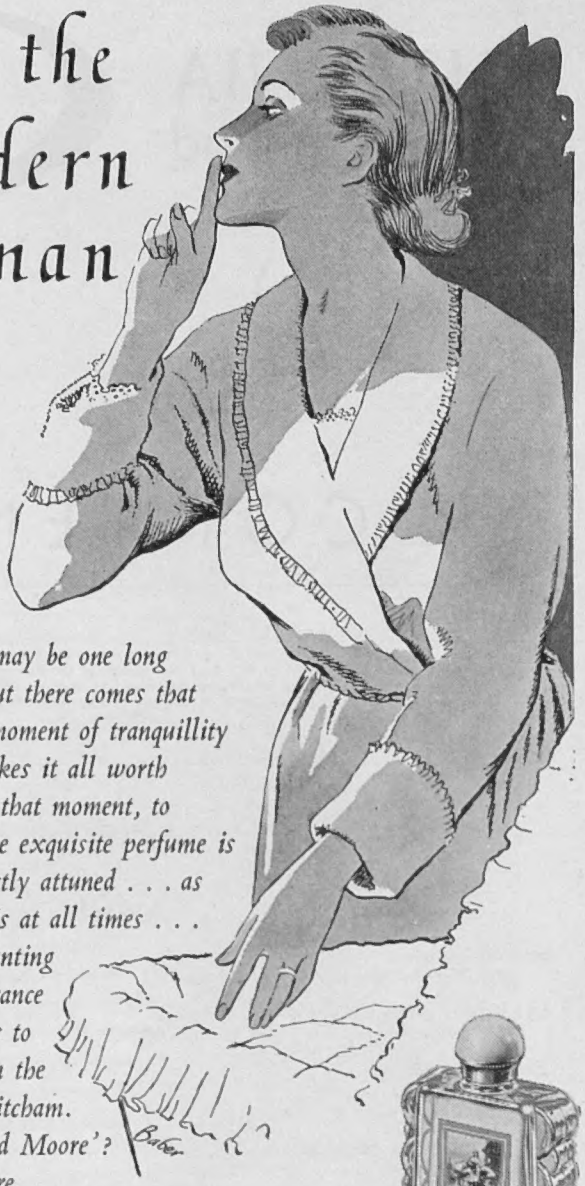

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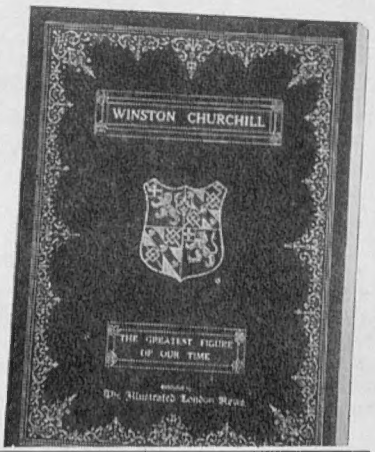

Raymond (raymond)
Hair (hair)
Scissors (scissors)
Comb (comb)
Sleek (sleek)
Flip (flip)
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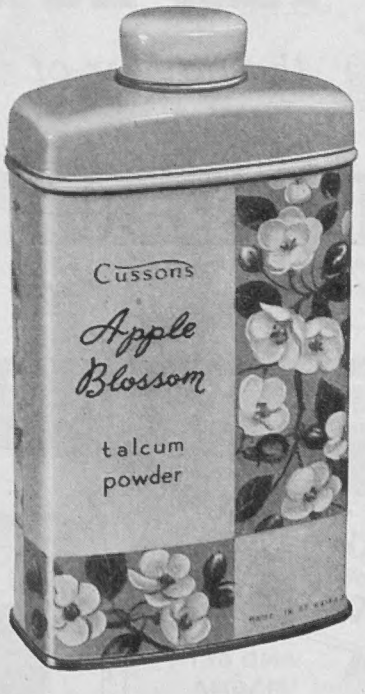

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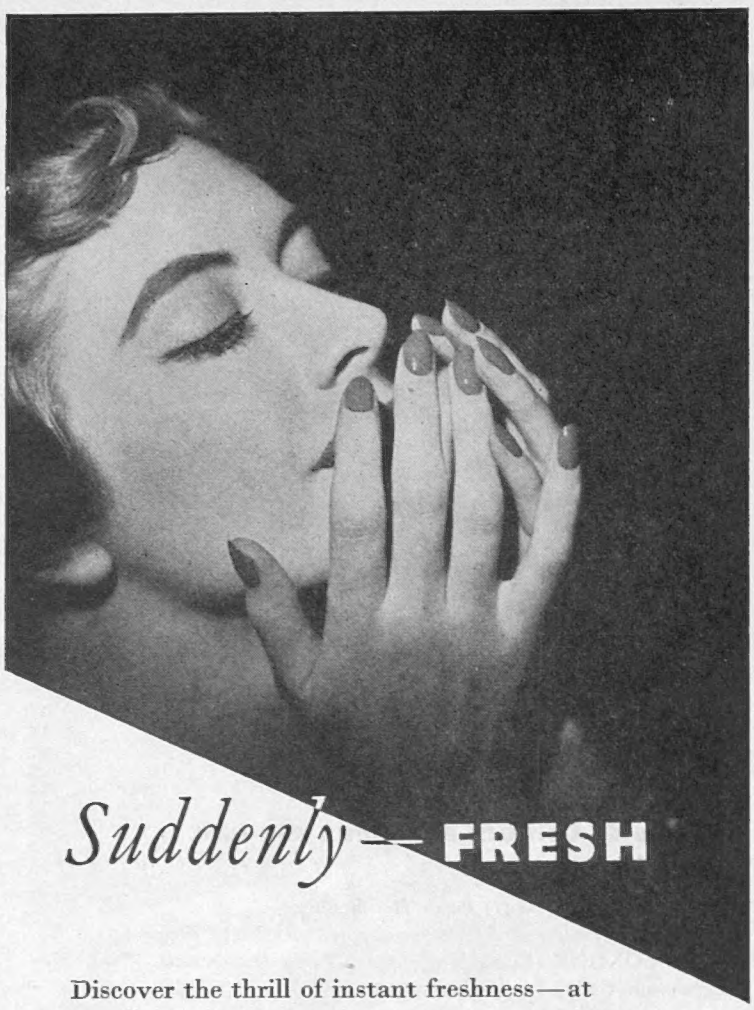

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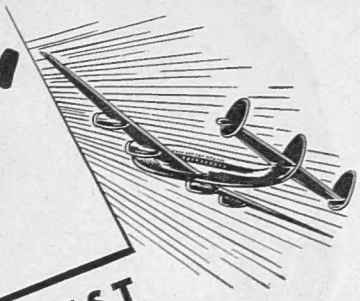

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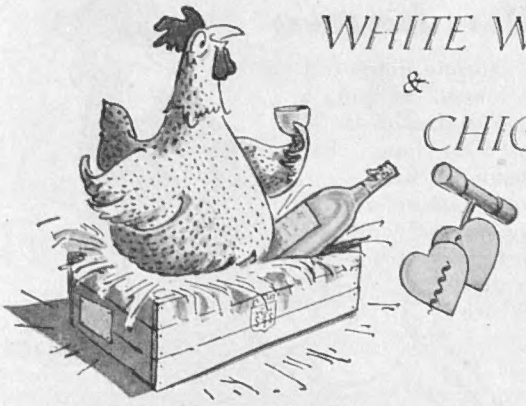

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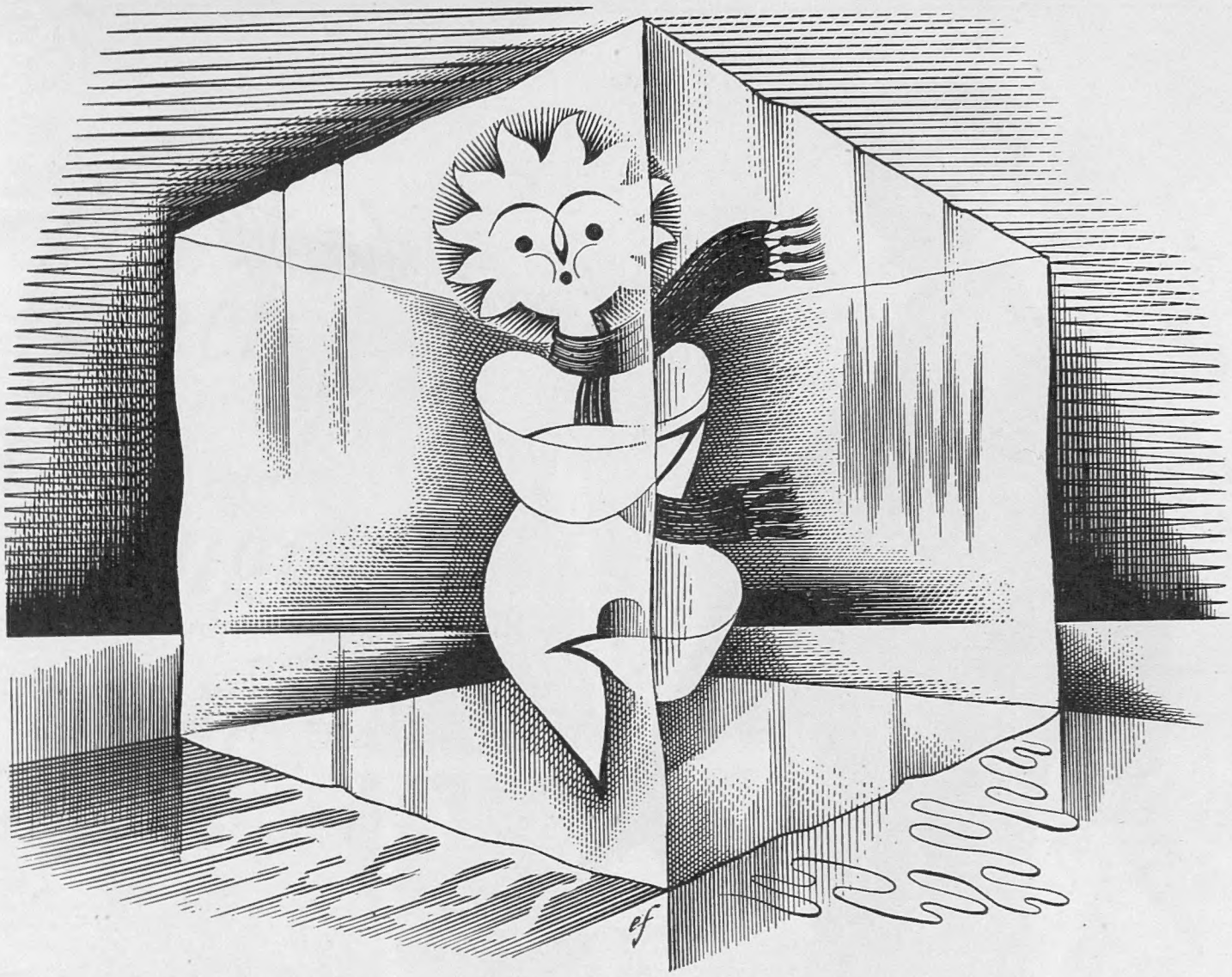

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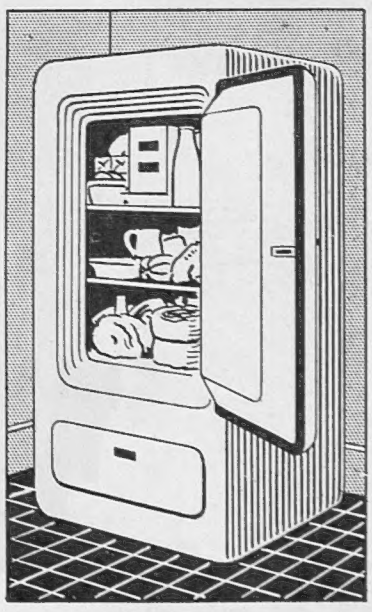

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Green for Danger

By

MARGERIE SCOTT

Illustrations by

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THEY had been quarrelling for two hours, in an angry, desultory sort of way, and all the bite had gone out of it long ago. Come to that, Maris thought drearily, all the bite had gone out of everything ; they couldn't love and they couldn't hate, so what was left ?

She stole a quick glance at Mel, standing kicking at the coals in the fireplace. He looked so sulky and boyish and helpless and—yes—guilty, that her heart ached with pity for him, and whoever said that pity was akin to love was talking utter bilge ; pity was the last nail in love's coffin.

" Have you thought what you 'll do ? " she asked.

" I guess—I think—I 'll have to go back to Canada."

" I see. Have you done anything about a passage ? " After the very slightest pause, he said :

" Yes. I—darling, I 'm sorry—I 'm sailing on Friday."

" Friday," she said, still in that stiff, wooden voice. " I see."

She went to the window to hide the hurt on her face. Something was happening on the other side of the street and, forgetting, she called to him excitedly

" You don't seem very much surprised," he said.

" No. I think I 've known ever since you said that Vicky and Nick hated Canadians."

" Oh, that," he said. " Vicky . . ."

" Yes. Vicky."

She wandered over to the window so that he should not see the bitter hurt on her face, and looked down. Some sort of commotion was going on outside the big shop on the opposite side of the street, and forgetting, she called to him with something of the old excitement.

" Darling, look !—they 've arrested two shoplifters in Thompson's—oh, they 're dressed like nuns or Sisters of Mercy or something."

He joined her at the window and they stood shoulder to shoulder, looking down, pleased and amused, having fun out of simple things as they used to do. Then the Black Maria drove off, and the moment was finished.

" Well ? " she said, and waited.

" Dinner, do you think ? " he asked. " Or not ? "

" Not," she said quickly. " Darling, how could we ? I mean, I 'm going to cry for hours and probably smash things. No. Definitely not dinner."

It was fantastic, she thought, how they went on calling each other " darling," when it was all over and dead as mutton ; when all he really cared about now was Vicky, and Vicky had hurt him so badly that he couldn't even bear to stay in the same country with her.

HE was one of the Canadians who fell in love with England during the war, and came back to her afterwards, only to find that his exciting love of the wartime black-out was a tired old hag in the quiet morning of peace.

Nothing was the same ; the pub near the airfield once crowded with Air Force types of half-a-dozen nationalities and trim girls in uniform, the scene of so many happy hours when gaiety was heightened by the presence of death just outside, was quiet now. A few ex-soldiers came in for a beer or two, and hurried back to their farms and allotments ; a few people from the big houses in the district dropped in for gin or whisky when there was any. They talked quietly to each other, but nobody talked to him because he was a stranger and the war was over.

It was impossible to find anywhere to live, and he moved unhappily from one bed-sitting-room to another, and when he called up a girl with whom he had dined and danced and made light love to only a year or so before, she gurgled with happiness and told him she was married and expecting a baby, and wasn't it too much heaven and why not come and have a drink only she knew for a fact the gin ration was out.

As if all that were not enough, he didn't get nearly as much work as he had expected to get. He had a light, pleasant voice and had done a lot of singing with various Air Force outfits and had even had a few radio dates. Everyone had assured him that if he came back after he was demobbed he 'd get lots of work ; but when he did come back andtold agents and managers what he had done before, they looked at him blankly and said :

" Oh, yes, but you see, that was during the war, old boy."

He might have gone back to Canada, then, if Maris hadn't written from Germany, where she was touring with a small company, to tell him she was coming home and would like to see him, and if it was so miserable in his digs, why didn't he get the key from Vicky and Nick upstairs, and use her flat ?

Maris was one of the people Mel had wanted to see when he came back to England, and the fact of her not being there when he returned was just one more of the ways in which England had failed him. She was a useful, hard-working, reliable actress who was always sure of work and equally sure that someone else would always get the lead.

SHE had fallen a little in love with Mel when she met him in 1944, and his loneliness and disillusion when she met him again a few years later had completed the job. It had seemed natural enough to find him installed in her flat, and natural enough for him to go on sharing it and for her to help him as much as she could to make a start.

She was still looking out of the window, wishing that another small incident like the shoplifters would happen, to unite them again in shared interest and

Nothing was the same—everyone talked quietly to each other, but nobody talked to him because he was a stranger and the war was over

excitement, when Mel spoke from the other side of the room:

"I wish I knew what to say to you, Maris," he said miserably.

"Oh, let's leave it, shall we?" Maris said. "There's really nothing to say. I think I'll go up to . . . I think I'll go out while you pack."

She had almost said "I think I'll go up to Vicky and Nick," because they had both been saying that several times a day for the last two years, except when they had said: "Let's get Vicky and Nick to come down." It's not only you I've lost, she thought, beginning to be angry all over again, it's Vicky and Nick, too, and nice and empty my life's going to be after you've taken your wounds back to Canada to lick. I really hate you, Mel Hackney, or at any rate, I wish I could.

"I can't think what happened to us," Mel was saying, still probing around like a small boy with a hurt finger. "We used to be pretty happy."

OH, I can tell you that, Maris answered him silently out of the back of her head. It was jealousy—the good, old-fashioned, green-eyed kind—that's what it was. I did all I could to help you to get work (psychologists would say I did too much, but let's leave that for the moment), but it wasn't much of a success, and you've always been jealous—yes, right from the beginning, because I got work when you didn't.

And then suddenly I got jealous, too, because you were always with Vicky. Without meaning to or wanting to, there I was madly jealous, ready to slit the throat of the girl who's been my best friend ever since our first term at R.A.D.A. Honestly, I wonder any of us have been able to breathe round here for the thick, green atmosphere we've been living in.

Maris had been so intent on her angry mental monologue that she hadn't heard Mel cross the room behind her and she didn't know he was there until he took her by the shoulders and turned her gently round to face him. She looked up at him, her black eyes steady on his blue ones ("You little black-eyed thing; never saw a girl with really black eyes before; it's different") and she thought that even now, if he said Let's stop this nonsense. Let's get married and go home to Canada together, she would say yes, let's do that, and maybe they would have as good a chance of being happy ever after as most people.

"I just want you to know I'm sorry," Mel said. He kissed her gently between the "different" black eyes, and she groped for words, for one of the brittle

sentences, sounding like dialogue from a play, with which they had started this scene, but nothing came. She shook her head wordlessly, walking out from under his hands and out of the flat.

It was midnight when she came back, after a movie she couldn't see for tears, and a cup of something that might equally well have been either tea or coffee in a café. Flat 2 was dark, but Flat 3 was dancing with lights and music, and it was obviously filled with smoke because somebody had opened a window to the crisp autumn night. For a moment she thought she would go up there, because Vicky and Nick could be relied upon to be cool and civilised whatever they might be thinking or feeling; but it was obvious that they were having a party. She got out her key and let herself into her own dark flat.

"HULLO, Maris," a voice greeted her quietly from the darkness, and she gave a gasp that was part terror and part wild, unutterable hope. In the instant that it took her to switch on the light, reason told her that it couldn't be Mel, that only one person would wait for her in the dark, and then her eyes found Nick, sitting patiently in the chair near the radio, his sightless eyes turned towards the opening door.

"Nick!" she went quickly towards him, touching his shoulder to show him where she was. "Have you been waiting long? Is anything the matter? I thought you were having a party upstairs."

"Vicky is," he told her, "or it's more of a wake, really. She's up there telling everyone what a cad she is, and how everything is dust and ashes and sour grapes and hell, and I couldn't stand it any longer, so I came down here."

"You've come to the wrong place," Maris said, "because I'm having a bit of a wake myself."

"The flat rather feels," Nick said carefully, "as if there's nobody in it but you—not counting me, of course."

"Darling Nick, I always count you," Maris said absently, and then she bit her lip, seeing a flicker that might have been pain pass over his sensitive face. She went on quickly:

"You're right, of course. Mel's gone and he's going back to Canada on Friday."

"All dreams ended, bright hopes dimmed," Nick said.

"Yes. You'd better write a song about it." Her voice was curt because she was afraid she might be going to cry again.

"Perhaps I will," Nick said mildly. "Genius hasn't been burning very brightly (*Continued on page* 64)

"Hullo, Maris," a voice greeted her from the darkness, and she gave a gasp that was part terror and part wild, unutterable hope

Second Youth

by NERINA SHUTE

Must middle-age be a story of boredom and frustration, of life suddenly without purpose?

I AM not, thank goodness, a professional psychiatrist, but I am a person to whom others seem to confide their problems and, after many discussions with women on the threshold of middle age, I believe that this bridge, which so many of us approach like nervous travellers, is less difficult to cross than imagination allows us to suppose.

At the same time of life, men do not, as a rule, lose self-confidence to the same extent, whereas women, whether married or not, and in most stations of life, seem more often to lose their grip upon reality.

I have heard the story of boredom and frustration—of a sense that life is suddenly without purpose—more times than I can say. The married woman who has spent her youth raising a family discovers that her all-absorbing preoccupation has come to an end. Her children have grown up. Her little world seems flat. The woman who, for one reason or another, has remained single begins to suspect that life has passed her by. This applies to happily-married women and to successful career women as much as any. What, she wonders, comes next? Is it true that the worth-while things are finished?

I know it is not so. Some women surrender to baseless fears at this time of life; others emerge with a new and positive sense of direction. My friend, Miss Islington, was one of them.

I met her at the end of the war when she was working for the B.B.C. and living, with her faithful black mongrel dog, in a charming little flat. But the war ended and so did the job, and Miss Islington, who had enjoyed a girlhood of travel and frivol and comparative affluence, realised that her age was forty-three, that she was alone and beginning to fear the future.

With a little money she had saved and a mortgage she bought a five-roomed house in the East End of London, for it was only in such a place as this that she could afford a house at all. She painted and papered it herself and, when this was done, she created a garden. Her friends foretold disaster for the project and even prophesied that the flowers in her garden would be stolen by acquisitive neighbours. In actual fact, the street took a pride in Miss Islington's flowers.

BEFORE the house was completely ready Miss I. sought some lodgers. She let three rooms at 30s. a week and, in spite of her friends and counsellors, continued to live happily and busily in this way for three years. By letting to students and office workers, she lived herself and made £5 a week profit. Spare-time work for a youth club added a small monthly salary to this.

To-day this enterprising woman is certainly the busiest and, in many ways, the happiest, I know. She has paid off the mortgage on the little house, sold it and bought a larger one in a more salubrious but forgotten terrace of charming Georgian houses. She never has fewer than seven and sometimes nine lodgers.

"The secret," she says, "is in being in love with things as well as people. I love my house, my dog, my garden, my job, as well as all my

(*Continued on page* 64)

Dr. Kinsey . . .

Should we worry about the results of the tiniest action on the future life of our infants—or relax and let the problems solve themselves?

THE day my twin daughters were eighteen months old I read an interview with Dr. Kinsey. "I don't know what you parents can do to form the character of your children," he said in effect. "But if you have waited until they are eighteen months old *you are too late.*" Poor unformed characters, I thought, and my guilt hung heavy upon me as I watched them playing in the garden.

Alyson was at her favourite sport of pushing our monstrous hansom-cab of a pram across the flower-beds. Joanna had her hand through a hole in the fence and was trying to attract the attention of the dog next door—a big black animal with mad eyes too close together and pointed yellow fangs.

It seemed only yesterday that they were wizened bundles at the foot of my wife's hospital bed. Even then I had felt nervous about my responsibilities, and when one of them gave a tiny cat-like sneeze I was so startled that I let out a high falsetto scream and had to be slapped on the back by a burly passing matron. In those days I hadn't read any Manuals for Parents and I had naïvely imagined that I had fifteen years or so to try and civilise my daughters. If by that time they still put blancmange in their hair and chewed each other's sandals, I was willing for the neighbours to point the finger of scorn at me. Now Dr. Kinsey has discovered that I have already ruined them.

I thought of the character-building habits I had taught Joanna and Alyson so far at eighteen months. By making grotesque interested faces and banging on the hood of the pram I have persuaded them that there are few sights so delightful as (*a*) a dog, and (*b*) a trolley-bus. I regret to say that I did not choose these objects for their psychological value. They just happened to be the most common and easily-identifiable sights in our neighbourhood. The result is that the girls now throw alarming fits of hysterics whenever they see dogs or buses. I know of no school of character-building which includes hysteria in their syllabus, and I shall feel pretty silly when other fathers are praising their daughter's sweet temper or sympathetic nature while I have to say: "Well, I must say Alyson and Joanna know a good trolley-bus when they see one."

As I watched Alyson mow down a rose-bush I had an idea—perhaps Dr. Kinsey is wrong. Perhaps we parents are becoming too hag-ridden with worry about the results of our tiniest action upon the future life of our infants. We must be grateful to the child psychologists for the revolution they have made in child management during the last thirty years. Thank goodness even the most old-fashioned parents no longer force children to conform to an adult standard of etiquette and good taste in the nursery. But it is possible that children have more natural good sense than many modern experts give them credit for.

I DON'T know how many thousands of eighteen-month-old children Dr. Kinsey interviewed before he established his ruling. I can only report on my own experiences with the twins. They are identical, which means that they came into the world with as near as possible the same physical make-up. They have been brought up together in the same home, the same toys, and, of course, the same parents. My wife and I have taken great pains to treat them with equal affection and discipline. According to some psychologists, their temperaments and characters should now be formed for good or evil. And presumably they should be formed to the same pattern. I am happy to say that this is not so.

In fact, to watch them one might almost think that they had been purposely trained to illustrate the two main types of adult personality: the introvert and the extrovert.

. . . meet my *Twins!*

by

ALAN

BRIEN

Alyson is the smaller and more slight of the two. Like many introverts, she is subject to violent changes of mood. In some way she is more of the baby—always a week behind Joanna in walking or drinking from a cup. But she is also more adventurous. While Joanna, plump and matronly, sits at her end of the long bath placidly chewing a flannel, Alyson will be fiercely drowning her rubber Bugs Bunny at the other end and laughing at the unpleasantly realistic way bubbles pour out of his nose.

Then in a flurry of exploding lather she will rise up and dive beneath the surface to end up head-first against Joanna's tummy. Joanna will squat for hours and stare without touching at our old gold-leafed sewing machine because I have warned her it is dangerous. Alyson will sidle up to it quietly, her face alive with mischief, and then, as I am about to speak, throw herself upon the machine, kicking the handle, tearing the thread, and spitting through the little trap-door on to those shuttle things until she is carried off by force.

I presume the child experts would say that *I* have made them what they are. But how could my actions produce such contrary results? And if the results can be so different, how can anyone foresee them? The only difference I have ever made between them is to call them by different names. And it is my belief that though they answer to these names, they haven't really got the point of having them. When we have tea, all sitting round the table, I often ask them "Where is Joanna?" Alyson points to herself and Joanna points to her mother. "Where is Alyson?"—Alyson points to Joanna and Joanna points to me. I sometimes wonder if they are deliberately trying to confuse me.

I have now simplified my principles of child management into one maxim: behave towards your child as you do towards anyone you love. (*Continued on page* 65)

The Vase decides

the success of an arrangement however beautiful the flowers

By ANNE FOREST

MOST of the skill in arranging flowers lies in suiting the flowers to the vase. The ideal is, of course, to have a large collection of containers to choose from, but it is not impossible to get attractive and original arrangements with perfectly ordinary flower containers. Every household can summon up at least a vase or two, a sweet bowl, an attractive dish or even a baking-dish, all of which can be used, so there is no excuse for unimaginative flower decorations on the plea that exciting vases are costly.

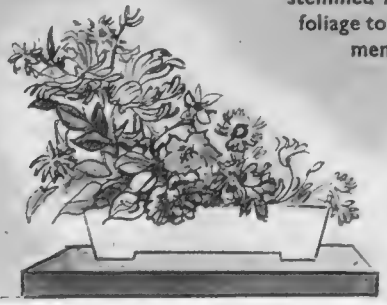
The one essential to anything that aspires to a more than commonplace arrangement is a flower-holder. Crumpled chicken wire can be used in the neck of a vase, although it is easier to arrange the flowers in a low bowl or dish if you have a patent flower-holder, either of the grid or spiked type.

When arranging the flowers to a pattern such as any of those suggested below, put in the main lines of the design first, with blooms or foliage. Then add the flowers which are the centre of interest. Finally, fill in. Get the main structure well defined (and firmly anchored in the vase) before putting in the finishing touches. Don't be afraid to cut stalks to different lengths, some very short, if necessary. This will be done, one by one, as you follow through the arrangement from the first to the final stage.

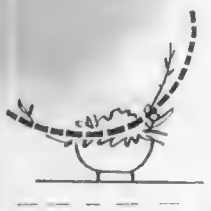
An arrangement for a tall vase based on the oval. This arrangement brings out the full beauty of a mixed bunch of garden flowers. When using a market bunch, cut stems to varying lengths and fill in with suitable foliage

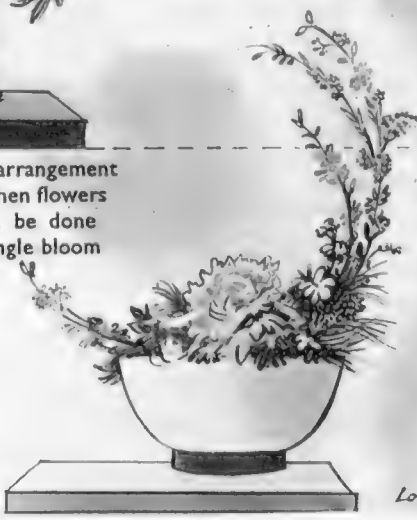
As an alternative to the usual fan-shaped arrangement in a medium-height vase, try this "S" formation, using curved spikes of lupin, etc., and a large bloom or cluster of them. With bought flowers, two varieties will be necessary

For a dish or plate, use short-stemmed flowers and feathery foliage to build up an arrangement based on a triangle



In a bowl, try an arrangement built on a curve. When flowers are scarce, this can be done with foliage and a single bloom





Lowen

Men got used to you, that was the trouble, so that even a holiday weekend was

A Doubtful Pleasure

"I won't be long," he said, leaving her sitting on a suitcase in the rain

By
EVE ORME

Illustrations by
THEO BATTEN

HER irritation mounted. It had arisen from many smallnesses; from having had to spend the weekend with the Bayneses where she had felt just the "little wife" of the great man's employee, to being left, as she was now, sitting on a suitcase at Portsmouth Dockyard Station while it rained.

"I won't be long getting the car," he had said.

"Don't be," she had answered not too amicably, for she had hated the crossing from the island in the little steamer with its crowd of holiday-making families. In the stuffy, crowded little saloon, she had felt sick for the second time today. If it were *that*, she thought gloomily. they really would be broke, and then she thought of the bills for the coal and the electricity which still lay upon her writing-table.

She looked at her watch. The boat had arrived at two, and it was now half past. The rain poured, and the street outside the station was a shining pool of water. The weekend had been all right for *him*, she thought, for he and Baynes were both engineers, and had talked their beloved shop all the time, but Mrs. Baynes had been awful with her blonded hair and her talk which had been eternally of clothes.

He'd probably be chatting happily now to a garage hand about the "performance" of some new car, or he'd be fiddling with his head inside the bonnet of the old car he had bought for a song, which only went because he knew about cars and had tinkered with it. He was always the same when he got anywhere near a garage. Cars were his "thing," and he couldn't tear himself away.

It was strange that having been married to him for a year should make it possible for her to feel each time he left her even for an hour, as though she had been months away from him, and yet that she should be, at the same time, so conversant with his faults.

A woman with three children came into the station and looked at her curiously in passing as though she pitied her for having to sit there. If anyone meant to keep you waiting for an hour (it was nearly an hour, anyway, for it was a quarter to three) they should at least say so. They should say, "It's rotten for you having to wait, old girl . . ." show some consideration. He had shown none; absolutely none.

He had just taken it for granted that she would wait for him. He would never have treated her so when he had first been in love with her. Men got used to you. They took you for granted. The time came when you had to show them that they *couldn't* take you for granted. Leaving her here just like a parcel while he talked about cars to a garage hand!

c

Cars kept arriving, splashed and muddy, with swinging screen-wipers. Every car but theirs. And then at long last she saw it just coming up to the station.

Tight-lipped, she stood up. He had got out of the car and was coming to take the suitcases. Silently she followed him to the car, standing by it while he put the suitcases in.

"Get in, darling," he said, "you'll be soaked."

SHE got in. "You are the absolute *end*," she said, as he took his place beside her. She spoke very crossly because he looked so cheerful, and because he had been enjoying himself somewhere in a garage.

"That damned garage," he said, "hadn't looked over the car as I told them to at all."

"Surely," she said, "you needn't have taken an hour to tell them so?"

"An hour? It's about half past two."

"I make it," she said with dignity, and consulting her watch, "exactly ten minutes to three."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I spent a little time going to the theatre and getting some tickets for tonight. There's a show on prior to London, and I thought we might go."

"You got some tickets for *tonight*? But what are we to do *until* then? It's only just after lunch!"

"Nearly three," he reminded her

"Nearly three, then. But what are we to do in the town with every shop closed?"

"Well, I didn't suppose it necessary for you to make a shopping expedition in order to go to a theatre."

"Don't be silly," she said, "you know what I meant."

"I had thought we might have gone to the dockyard to look at the ships."

"Very amusing for *me*," she answered, "in this weather!"

"You've often said you like ships."

"I hate them in the rain." He turned the car, and they drove in the direction of Palmerston Road.

"I do think you might have *asked* me before rushing off to get those tickets," she said crossly. "What's the play?"

"Can't remember the name of it, but it's described as a rollicking farce."

"I loathe rollicking farces."

"You enjoyed *Reluctant Heroes*."

"YES, because we went to it with a large and cheerful party. Not by ourselves in the rain. All I want is to get home and forget this awful weekend."

"Well, if you don't want to go to the show, we needn't."

"But you've bought the tickets!"

"I can take them back again and see if they can get rid of them."

"They're sure not to be able to. I suppose we shall just have to hang around and wait. If you want to see your wretched ships, you'd better turn round."

"We're not seeing any ships. You want to get home."

"Don't be silly, darling! We can't just *waste* the tickets!"

"Damn wasting them!" He was driving now, straight out of the town.

"Well," she said in a tone of great reasonableness, "if we're not going to use them, we might try to get rid of them."

"Shut up about the blasted tickets! I made a mistake. All right—I'm sorry!" But he didn't sound sorry enough.

There was silence between them for a little as the car followed the lines of trolley-buses. Then, "What I meant," she said, "was that we simply couldn't have spent the rest of the day in this dreadful place."

He did not answer, which annoyed her.

"I mean—the weekend was bad enough in any case."

"I thought the Bayneses were darned decent to us, and actually——"

"Oh, it was all right for *you*," she interrupted, "you did nothing but smoke cigars with *him*. But I found *her* perfectly frightful."

"I didn't see anything wrong with her."

"You would have if you had had to talk to her for more than five minutes. She's mutton dressed as lamb, and hasn't an idea in her head. She's had two mink coats in four years—she told me so. She's got a furrier who takes one back and gives her another for about a thousand extra."

"Perhaps she finds it good business."

"Business! I'm sick of business, and hearing it talked. It may have got *them* a long way, but where has it got us? I loathe staying with rich people, because it always makes me feel so poor."

SILENCE, and then, just as he was about to speak, she said. "And that is why, actually, I'm so fed up about your wasting those tickets. I mean—even twelve bob is twelve bob—to *us*."

He pressed his foot down hard on the accelerator.

"Darling, you needn't drive like a maniac! I thought you were going to hit that lorry."

"I'm not in the habit of hitting lorries."

"I know you haven't hit one yet, but——"

He turned sideways to her, his face angry, and said, "Look here, old girl, are you trying to teach me how to drive?"

"Oh, you are *impossible*!" she cried. They were out of the precincts of Southsea now.

"We could still go back if you'd like to," she said after a moment, because it was so maddening of him not to speak.

"Why should we?"

"I meant," she said, in the tone of one who explains matters to a child, "that we could go back and still use those tickets."

"We're not going back."

"But supposing I've changed my mind?"

Silence.

They were approaching a corner of the main road where two public houses faced each other.

"It's just," she said, "that *one* of us has to try to save money," and her voice accused him of being not only a wastrel but a spendthrift. "It isn't as if you *earn* very much." A faint pang of apprehension assailed her. It had been an unwise thing to say.

He drew the car to the side of the road and switched off its engine. "I've had enough," he said, "you can drive yourself home. I'm going by bus."

"Darling, don't be an ass!"

He was already out of the car.

"*Darling!*" she called to him.

He had moved off in the direction from which they had come.

She sat, staring straight ahead of her at the teeming rain, for, of course, she would not turn to look after him. He was utterly childish and impossible. Very well, then, let him go home by bus.

She shifted over to the driver's seat. Moving the seat forward was always a minor difficulty in this old car. At last, having hit her knee hard against the sharp edge of the ash-tray, she got it adjusted. As a matter of fact, she'd wait a little for him to come to his senses. Men were children, and one had to treat them as such.

In any case, there mightn't be a bus, and even if there were one, to reach their home, which was about eighteen miles away and across country at that, he'd need a series of them. He was an idiot, and she had no patience with him, but when he came back, she'd be nice to him, and they'd make it up.

Time passed, and she wondered where he could have got to. A bus passed, so there *were* buses, but it was all steamed up, and she couldn't see inside it. He might be in it, going home comfortably, and leaving her here. Well, that was chivalry for you! Or it would be just like him to be sitting in the pub on the opposite side of the road, watching her to see what she'd do.

She would rather have liked to have turned her head to see if he *was* staring at her from a window, but naturally she wouldn't. The car clock ticked on. Very well. She would give him ten minutes more.

"ALL right, my lad!" she muttered to herself. "And I hope you enjoy it!" With great determination, she pressed the self-starter. Nothing happened. There didn't even seem to be a self-starter. She pressed and pressed with no result. She gave up pressing, and sat, knowing that never had she been able to start this old car by using the handle.

This would be a splendid joke for him if he were watching her. And, of course, he had known about the self-starter. He had actually been so vile as to leave her stranded in the teeming rain with a car she couldn't start. While he himself went comfortably home by bus, or if not comfortably, at least, home.

She had never imagined that any main road could be so empty of pedestrians. But, of course, it was raining. Without doubt it was raining, and now, the car having stood for so long, the rain had found the leak in the roof and was pouring in and dripping down her neck. She might stop a car, and beg the driver to start this one, but she pictured *him* watching her trying to stop cars.

She might go in to one of the pubs. It was after hours, but there might be a man somewhere who would come and help her. If she went into a pub and *he* didn't happen to be in it (*Continued on page* 65)

Suddenly she heard his voice saying, "Do you want this car started?" And then she saw he was grinning—*grinning* at her . . .

Some principles of

Embroidery for Beginners

by

ERIKA WILSON

Time spent in learning to work with an embroidery frame will be repaid with better and quicker results

An embroidery expert tells you how to use an embroidery frame and how to make your own designs, two factors which she considers essential to good results

FIRST of all to achieve a professional finish and to be able to work more quickly and easily, it is essential to use a frame. There are several varieties and the best of these is perhaps the square kind (with or without a stand). Alternatively, a ring or tambour frame which will screw on to a table is easier to transport—an important factor when you are working away from home.

When mounting work into a square frame find the centre of the webbing on both the arms of the frame and mark it. Then fold the material down the middle so that the crease can be placed to the centre of the webbing and pinned. The next step is to oversew material and webbing together and repeat the process on the other arm.

Then the frame should be tightened by inserting the side arms and pegging it out. (If the frame has screws the same principle applies.) It is important that both sides are stretched to an equal width. Finally webbing should be sewn half overlapping the edges of the material on either side, and with a packing needle, string should be laced through the webbing and over each of the arms. When the string is tightened, the material will be stretched like a drum in either direction—the ideal surface to work on, using both hands, one above and one below the frame.

The next step is to choose a design. This is much more easily transferred when the work is on the frame, as the tightly stretched material makes it easier to place the pattern exactly where you want it. The design may be either a printed transfer, or a "pricking" of the design which you have previously traced. The latter method has many advantages, though it will take a little longer.

To be able to make a pricking means that you will no longer be restricted to mass-produced transfers which for so long have confined us to acres of lazy-daisies. You may trace a design from a book or magazine, or better still adapt or invent your own.

When the design has been traced on to tough tracing paper, place it on a layer first of tissue paper and then on felt. Now with a needle held fast in a cork, or better a pin-vice (3s. 6d. at any ironmongers)—prick holes closely along the lines of the design. Having thus made the pricking, place it in position on the material, and with a felt pad rub a small amount of "pounce" through the holes on to the work. When the material is light in colour, the "pounce" should be finely powdered charcoal. If the material is dark, french chalk should be used. The last stage is to make the design (*Continued on page* 68)

Pinafores

—easy to make

and fun to wear

Making these aprons need present no problems to the amateur. The diagrams on page 70 take care of the cutting out. The putting together is simple and explained on the same page. If the two applique decorations seem too ambitious they can be omitted and the aprons in vivid colours will still be gay. The design (*left*) has inset bands of a second colour outlined with rick-rack in a third. The tulip applique is made with cut-outs of check gingham, with stalks and leaves in green cotton fabric. Edges are bound with coloured bias

The leaf motif is worked in applique and stem stitch, with eyelet work for the small leaves. The applique is worked first, the veins added to the leaf after the applique has been completed. Stems are worked in stem stitch and the eyelets worked last

Apply your

THE present trend for colour and more colour in every room now includes bed-linen. Gaily printed and striped sheets are now in the shops and embroidered sheets and pillow-cases—such a welcome change after years of conservative plainness—have returned to add to the charm of the modern bedroom. How much more original to embroider your own sheets from these designs, which can be traced off from this page on to the material.

You will need fine linen or cotton sheets and pillow-cases (it is best to buy these ready-made with a narrow, plain hem) and linen or lawn for applique in the pastel shade you have chosen, similar in texture to the sheets. Threads for the embroidery should be Clark's Stranded Cotton or Pearsall's Filoselle silk. No. 9 and 10 crewel needles are a suitable size for the work.

The bow or the leaf motif may be worked on the sheet or the pillow-case to make a matching set. The pillow-case may be bordered with the same edging as the sheet, or, prettier, a gathered frill of the same colour as the embroidery.

If you are working the scalloped edging, this should be done first, before working the applique. Cut off the narrowest hem of the sheet at one end (to avoid shortening the sheet more (*Continued on page* 70)

own Colour

The scalloped edging to the top of the sheet can also be worked on the pillow-cases, although a simpler alternative is to add a coloured frill. The applique bow (*above*) could be used on the pillow-cases and adapted to make a central motif for the top of the sheet

Initial it

Diagram 1.
Seeding worked
inside the
stem stitch outline

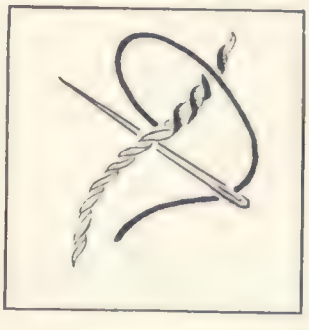


Diagram 2.
Two-colour
whipped stem stitch
for outline

Yourself . . .

An embroidered monogram gives a distinctive and very personal decoration to lingerie, handkerchiefs and bed-linen. Here are some monograms and initials which can be adapted for various purposes, for personal and household linen.

Initials worked in satin stitch are always the most effective, but unfortunately this is a very difficult stitch to work well, because the effect depends greatly on the neatness and evenness of the work. Padded satin stitch, however, gives a bolder effect and is a little easier for a beginner to tackle.

Use No. 9 or 10 crewel needles and one strand of Clark's Stranded Cotton. Work with the material stretched very tightly in a ring frame. A ring frame is a worth-while investment, as it is impossible to do really good neat work without one.

The number of paddings for each initial depends on how raised you want the letter to be, but generally three layers are sufficient. Start by laying threads along the length of the letter. Then tie these threads down with stitches across (*Continued on page* 71)

Sheer delight

Preview of to-morrow's lingerie: Vest, panties and slip in lace-patterned Terylene, gossamer light, incredibly strong, warm to the touch, drying in a jiffy to its original crispness—the perfect fabric for wearing next the skin. By Supacut, in peach or white, the opera-top vest, £1 4s.; French leg panties, 18s. 9d.; frilled slip, £1 17s., at Bourne and Hollingsworth; Schofields, Leeds, and other leading stores. *Top:* New ski-style pyjamas which will not trip you up. In wool—blue, pink or turquoise with white ribbing. By Kayser Bondor, £3 9s. 11d. at Peter Robinson, Leicester Square; Jonsons, Rhyl

For summer nights: Terylene and cotton plissé. *Above:* Knitted nightdress, cool and lacy, in white trimmed with blue, or all white. The fragile-looking edgings and shoulder-straps, also of Terylene, will never need to be replaced. Supacut, £4 10s. at Army and Navy Stores; Jenners, Edinburgh. *Right:* Nightdress of cotton plissé, frilled and feminine, in pink, blue, pale green or lavender, with white spot. Kayser Bondor, £1 15s. 11d. at Peter Robinson, Leicester Square; Jonsons, Queen Street, Rhyl

Over . . .
. . and Under

Provocative, evasive, unpredictable, they have come flouncing back again . . . of all garments the most feminine . . . for centuries, indeed, man's exasperated synonym for "woman"—PETTICOATS. The two shown opposite will *make* a bouffant dress, define its personality, give it piquancy with an alluring peep of themselves

Top: rustling taffeta with stiffened underskirt, the swirling hem revealing coloured frills. By Susan Small, in turquoise and other pastel shades, about 4 gns. at Harvey Nichols; Chamberlain, Norwich.

Below: "Lawn, as white as driven snow"—the perennial favourite, here in an exquisite neo-Victorian version with huge frill of broderie Anglaise worked according to authentic old English patterns, threaded with ribbon. Made to order from 7 gns. by Janet West, 49 Brook Street, W.1.

In both housegowns and evening dresses, short skirts are steadily ousting the ground-sweepers—and how sensible. What could be more attractive, and better attuned to our 1954 way of life, than the short housegown in floral nylon seersucker shown opposite: belt it, and you have a summer dress. By Estrava, £5 15s., at Woollands, Knightsbridge; Bonds, Norwich; Colmers, Bath

Over the petticoat—a dress which may be opaque or diaphanous, but must fan from a tiny waist. *Left:* Wild silk—red roses on white, with the delicacy of Sèvres porcelain. By C. D. Models, at Harrods; McDonalds, Glasgow. *Above:* White lace over accordion-pleated net. Roses of pulsating pink at the waist, and embroidered on the mantilla. By Roecliff & Chapman, the dress 30 gns., the silk mantilla about 8 gns. at Debenham & Freebody; Alexandrine, Nottingham

Crisp in Cotton ▶ Cool in Linen ◀

The lustre of linen remains instantly recognizable, and proudly well-bred, amid a confusion of indeterminate fabrics. It has a beauty of texture all its own which needs little decoration (but demands faultless cutting); it lasts and lasts; the old bugbear of creasing is being effectively ironed out and, above all, it spells coolness, as tropic-dwellers know. Here are two dresses impeccably fashioned to the fabric. *Left:* Young style in turquoise, pink, string or blue, scattered with white embroidered sprays. By Lady in Colour, 7 gns. at Harvey Nichols; David Lewis, Colchester. *Right:* Shirtwaist with interesting pocket detail, in gold, turquoise, string or green; made also in larger sizes. By Bijou, about £5 10s. at D. H. Evans, London; Bainbridge, Newcastle

The geometrical severity of lines and squares is, because of the attraction of opposites, extremely flattering to the female figure. Include some in your summer wardrobe as a bracing contrast to the clinging sweetness of prevalent florals. Our pick of the abstracts: Harvey Nichols's addition-and-subtraction set in black cotton, slashed into squares by dazzling white lines.

Above: Shorts and suntop equal a play-suit.

Left: Add a circular skirt, and the sum is a formal frock that would see you right through the evening.

Right: White lines ruled on grey, navy, tan, pink or turquoise; also gold or pink lines on grey, in a striking cotton dress by Carnegie, £3 9s. 6d. at Fifth Avenue, Regent St.; Roland & Pivkin, Manchester

Illustrations by RUTH FREEMAN

Photographs by DAVID OLINS

A Day to Remember

SHE, of course, will remember the day of her wedding, but the others must remember it, too, because it was beautiful and entirely hers. Like no other wedding could be.

It is to be traditional in its essentials, but personal in each particular. With no room for the obvious—in the dresses, in the flowers, the music nor even the wedding pictures.

In the centre of it all is herself—the bride—in a frothy dream of organza and tulle. Traditional? Yes, in its colouring—white, yet up-to-the-minute with its young, sleeveless bodice, the low neckline delicately veiled in the cloud of her short tulle veil. New, too, in its deeply swathed cummerbund of azure satin; embracing the past in its choice of material.

"I have used white lace to cover the bodice and float over the skirt in a short tier," Janet West, the designer explains. "This impression of Victorian demureness is echoed in the blue satin chaplet head dress bordered with forget-me-nots, stephanotis and orange-blossom. The bridal bouquet must echo the mood of the dress, and Edward Goodyear, the florist who is collaborating with me, suggests a Victorian flower basket. Yes, literally a basket composed of petals, buds and clusters, carried over the arm on a handle of blue satin ribbon. Definitely out-of-the-ordinary, yet absolutely right for this dress."

Bridesmaids frothing in her wake wear white organza like herself, but with a difference.

Janet West gave her this advice. "The dresses and flowers of the retinue should enhance those of the bride. For your bridesmaids I see fairylike gowns with moulded bodices and billowing skirts, the very essence of femininity. Frills around the hem and neckline are edged with broderie Anglaise and slotted through with blue ribbon—in the mood of the bridal gown." (*Continued on page* 66)

By BETTY GORDON JOSEPH

Illustration by JANE HARVEY

Colour photograph by Derek M. Goodyear

Colour photograph by Deighton Wilkes

Hey Diddle Diddle

In the china world of animals all is fantasy, yet fancy is invested with a contemporary air which plants old favourites firmly in the world of today

TIME brings many changes, but the human instinct for collecting goes on for ever. Fashion swept bijouterie out of our lives and homes for a space of time and left us denuded, gazing at austerely plain interiors where "ornaments" were rated as a *faux pas*. It couldn't last. The collecting instinct was bound to reassert itself and today even the most orthodox of contemporary furnishing schemes unbends and gives a place of honour to the potter's craft.

Thus, newly licensed, china animals have come gaily back again to challenge the potter's skill, and delight collectors who can erect shelves and brackets again to their heart's content.

So, what's your fancy? Dogs, cats, birds or a whole china menagerie, because you can specialize or not, as you please? Right up and down the financial scale endearing little creatures await your pleasure. You can buy a new china cat or dog for your collection on the bedroom mantelpiece for the matter of a few shillings or endow the drawing-room with a fine example of the contemporary potter's art in the shape of the handsome Wedgwood bull, or the winged cow, in our colour picture.

The elegant poodle we have shown, the benign if rather dishevelled lion, and the owlish pussy cat are all plainly conscious of a dignified china ancestry. Their descent from the eighteenth-century creatures who came from the famed potteries of Staffordshire, Chelsea and Dresden are not to be forgotten, but their likeness to them must only be compared with that of a family portrait. They belong to the present when you can still jump over the moon but in a twentieth-century way.

Perhaps it is the eternal child in us that makes an animal menagerie so fascinating. In any case, an inanimate zoo is a charming thing to possess and saves you all the trouble of going to Regent's Park.

The cat adorning the initial letter above, the small kneeling bull, right, and its black and orange counterpart, the tortoise, rampant lion and giraffes are from Rowland Ward. Glass table, poodle, kittens and Taurus bull from Libertys. Winged cow, owlish cat, guinea fowl, frog and zebra from James (New Bridge St.), dachshund, elephant and seal from Kathleen Stewart (Piccadilly). Fabric and wallpaper, Sandersons, and wall brackets from Peter Jones

The Island

By URSULA BLOOM

Illustration by WYLES

"Sometimes I wonder you are not afraid of that island of yours," he had said. She hadn't been . . . at first

THE tide had turned and was coming in.

At low tide Nora had crossed along the causeway from the island, old Robin ponderously pulling the farm cart, the shafts sagging beside his great shoulders. She remembered that the gulls had screeched. There was a sharpness about their voices, something that two years before when she had come to the island with Wilf she would not have noticed. Something that now brought her foreboding.

She had gone to the mainland to fetch the ram that Wilf had bought at the sale yard yesterday. He had been too drunk to bring his purchase home, so she had been obliged to go now for it. A couple of yard hands had helped her thrust the protesting ram into the back of the cart, and she had roped him down with coarse net. He stood hunched and defiant, his angry eyes malignantly staring at her from under his great curly brow, almost as though he smelt trouble.

He was a fine ram, but Wilf had paid a fine price for him. Too much. Money was getting scarcer; soon they would not have it to spend, then what would happen? She wondered grimly where she, the ram and Robin were going, as she crossed back to the island. The same destination lay ahead for all of them, maybe for Wilf, too, one couldn't tell.

Robin sludged his way through the water, steadily moving towards the island through the running tide, whilst on either side the mud flats lay, slimy, striped with weed from the receding tide. The flat Essex distance had a smudged outline of bushes, of trees shaped by the prevailing wind, and it looked too close. Bad weather, she thought. Still the gulls screeched.

Captain Ben Jeeves of the lifeboat had watched her as they pushed the ram into the back of the cart. He had stood there, his dark blue jersey hunched like a monk's cowl round his young tanned face. His brows were thick as gorse bushes, and as dark; his eyes keen, but amiable.

"There's a hard tide coming up, Nora," he had said; "sometimes I wonder you're not afraid of that island of yours."

Resenting comment she had flung back her young red head. She *was* afraid of it, but Ben Jeeves must not know. "I'm not afraid." She hoped that her voice did not disclose the fact that there were times when she was sick with fright.

SHE would never have come to the island if her marriage had not been such a fiasco. She had married at twenty, flying in the face of older folks' warnings. Wilf was well-born; he ran a motor cruiser, he had blond good looks, money, the sophisticated manner that was new to her. In three years of marriage she had learnt that the old folks' warnings had truth backing them, for Wilf was drinking himself to death, and couldn't stop himself. He prayed for a cure; he had never been given a chance; if he had the chance he would conquer it. That was what Wilf had said before they came to the island, and the island was the chance.

On a tawny September (*Continued on page 67*)

"Some are born to be grandmothers, some achieve the state of mind by trial and error and goodwill; some have grandmotherhood thrust upon them . . ."

The Art of a Grandmother

By KATHLEEN WALLACE

"A warm-hearted and intelligent small child is not only a delight to the heart but can be the most enchanting good companion." Mrs. Eisenhower with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Eisenhower, and two of her grandchildren, Susan Elaine and Barbara Ann

IT was Victor Hugo, that old French lion in exile, who wrote *L'Art d'Etre Grandpère* : a garland of poems around a small granddaughter. The garland is faded and dry dust now, but the title is worth pondering. Because, isn't each and every human relationship an art, in its own fashion? And needs to be practised, cultivated, and maintained as such. And how pleasant that there should be one art which is the privilege, the inheritance if you like, of older people !

Yet it is older people who tend to cling to the belief that natural relationships are true to their name, *natural* growths, and that Nature having made you a parent and eventually a grandparent, can get on with the job single-handed. The younger generations have learned better, of course. Have learned, perhaps, rather too much better, in the sense that, nowadays, intelligent and responsible younger people expend an enormous amount of mental and emotional energy and effort on servicing their family relationships as they would service their car . . . but when we of the grandmother age-group were young, too much was rather too readily taken for granted.

A friend of mine, arranging to live with a widowed mother after some years of independent work, said, by way of a mild joke :

"I hope we shall get on, dear ! After all, we've never tried living together since I left school . . ."

To receive the reply, not so much in sorrow or anger, as in dignified surprise :

"My dear, we are Mother and Daughter ! . . ."

Some are born to be grandmothers; some achieve the state of mind by trial and error and goodwill; some have grandmotherhood thrust upon them. Let's consider the last, first.

What makes you actually dislike the prospect of being a grandmother?

Well—it's definitely ageing, isn't it? Like the noble and less frivolous hat which the saleswoman tries to insinuate upon you, or the hair-do which, the hairdresser asserts, reveals the admirable shape of your head but which, you see in the glass, adds a good five years to the rest of you. There are the Glamorous Grandmothers of Hollywood, but you have not got Hollywood behind you. Nor, possibly, did you marry at sixteen?

It's rather dowdy, too. In a way. *Grannie* . . . you do not want to be grannie. You are not impressed, still less

Being

"Grace rests upon her door posts" was once painted on an ancient Chinese scroll in tribute to a Chinese princess of centuries ago; "I never see the Queen Mother with Prince Charles and Princess Anne without remembering it. The happiness, the understanding and the wisdom of that relationship are as visible as sunlight"

amused, by other grannies when you encounter them.

You may not happen to care very much for babies and small children as a species. The first time that I was within sight of becoming a grandmother, a contemporary asked me :

"Are you as pleased as all this, just for Martin and Monica, or for yourself, too? I'm sure I shall detest my grandchildren if ever I have any."

This speaker was a woman who is a boon companion to young people but has scant patience with small fry. She forgot that her future grandchildren wouldn't be babies for ever.

NOW let's take the born-to-be-grandmother, the woman of whom Thackeray wrote that she was never fully a mother until she was a grandmother. She adores babies and little children. She embarrasses her married children by proclaiming that she cannot wait to hold their children in her arms; (*her* arms, please note).

And as a grandmother she is, not infrequently, a headache. . . .

She may have used some healthy discipline in her own family, she cannot bear to see it in her family's family. I have heard an exasperated young mother complain :

"When Dicky has yelled himself into a lather with temper, in sails Mummie, claps a hand to his forehead, and says reproachfully : 'Temperature ! Do you mean to say you're punishing a child who has a temperature?'"

This type of Happy Grandmother is only too ready to laugh off any rules and regulations and to give the little darlings anything which they fancy. She cannot bring herself to recognize the mother and father as reasonable beings. They weren't, whichever of them was her child, in their days of childhood, so why now? She can hardly conceal her conviction—and often doesn't try—that, however devoted and well-meaning they may be, they cannot possibly know what is best for their own children.

. . . *"Missing so much and so much."* The grandmother who has not entered into the art of the thing has no idea of what she is missing. It is the benison granted to us at the time of life when we must inevitably submit to relinquishing many other graces and delights which make life for women. Being a grandmother reminds me at every turn of something which I overheard at one of the glorious Chelsea Flower Shows : a woman entranced before a display of sweet pea saying joyfully :

"And the best of it is, anyone can grow them ! *Anyone can do it!*"

I will ask you to bear with me and not to think it fatuous if I talk a little from my own very simple and ordinary experience. Without it, I should have no right to talk at all.

I have three small grandsons. And as I am the mother of four young men, and two are (*Continued on page* 69)

THE GOLDEN ARROW

Places and Purse

Spending money on holiday abroad is all part of the fun. The tricky thing is to spend it to good advantage in unfamiliar places

BARCELONA (Church of Santa Maria del Mar)

SOME research among people who should know has brought us these opinions on the important subjects of eating and shopping in the big cities of Europe for the guidance of those who may be passing that way this summer.

For each of our five chosen cities we have suggested worthwhile things to shop for and where to look for them. Some more expensive shopping haunts are included for the benefit of inveterate window shoppers.

. . . BARCELONA

Good Buys: leatherwork, lingerie and table linen, Toledo work, bullfighter dolls, ironwork, tiles, ceramics, printed scarves, hand-blocked material for screens or cushions, shoes and gloves.

For leather goods, Loewe of 35 Paseo de Gracia. F. Neuner at 27 Pintor Fortuny has belts and gloves, and Brunel at 230 Calle Balmes the finest lingerie. For gifts and souvenirs the place is El Suizo, 74 Paseo de Gracia, and definitely worth a visit is Paque, 254 Calle Diputacion for the famous Mariquita Perez dolls. Printed scarves, handkerchiefs and hand-blocked materials are at Indianas Dali, 11 Paseo de Gracia, and for shoes try Calzados Alvarez, 3 Mariano Cubi. Most of the couture houses are in Paseo de Gracia; exclusive hats: Badia, 652 Avenida Jose Antonio.

For good food and local atmosphere—Los Caracoles, picturesque and exclusive. More moderate in price is Siete Puertas, excellent food in an old-Spanish café setting. For an inexpensive meal, Canaletas, 15 Rambla de Canaletas.

GENEVA (the Mont-Blanc Bridge)

. . . GENEVA

Good Buys: the rate of exchange makes Swiss merchandise expensive for the English, but look out for nylon goods, watches, German cameras (heavily dutiable!), musical boxes, lovely Appenzeller and St. Gall embroideries and laces, Stoffel handkerchiefs and exciting French and Italian costume jewellery.

Sample famous Swiss chocolate and pastries, at Old Inn, 2 Place du Lac. Berthe Peney, 30 Grand Quai, sells charming hats, and Paul Daunay at 5 Rue des Alpes will copy models from Paris collections. For the more limited budget Au Printemps de Paris has ready made wear, and dress lengths in silks and wools.

The Restaurant Longchamp, a little outside Geneva at 2 Route Pont-Butin, has a French cuisine. The place for a slap-up meal. Less expensive—Café Bavaria, 49 Rue du Rhone. For a mid-day snack—Restaurant La Rochelle, 5 Rue du Commerce.

Strings

by

HILARY GRANT

MADEIRA (s.s. Venus at anchor in the bay)

. . . MADEIRA

Good Buys : wickerwork, embroidery, pottery, feather flowers, miniature wine barrels, wine and orchids.

For embroidery, Madeira's famous industry—Marghab, of 165 Rua dos Ferreiros. Also for linens, blouses and embroidery—Bimbo Shop, 20 Avenida Arriaga. Go to Madeira Galleries of Rua do Bettencourt if you enjoy antiques, and look for attractive wickerwork at Antonio Gomes Loja, Largo do Phelps. Most people enjoy a visit to the Madeira Wine Association where wine production is explained, and one can sample the different varieties. For a gift to bring home a branch of orchids with about sixteen blooms. The cost is about 4s., and the flowers last four to six weeks.

For regional dishes, try Theo's restaurant in Funchal. At Camara de Lobos is the Ramboia, run by a fisherman and his sons. The Sunny Bar, 4-5 Avenida do Mar in Funchal is the place to enjoy teas and snacks.

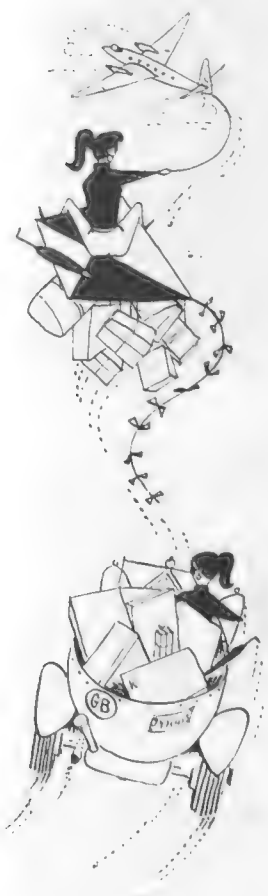
. . . ROME

Good Buys : silks, leathergoods, embroidery, lace, Angora wool, silverware, ceramics and other handicrafts, gloves, shoes and costume jewellery.

For beautiful blouses and lingerie, Bellini, on Via Condotti. Arbiter Son & Man at 84 Via Condotti, dazzling silks cheaper than at home, and Gucci's at No. 21 has the most lovely leather goods in Rome. The famous Ferragamo shoes are at No. 65, but no good for larger English feet. A fascinating shop is Lyricae, 36 Via Frattina (handicrafts). Splash on gloves at Catello d'Auria at 25 Via due Macelli who, if you want to be dashing, will make them to measure. Sirotta at 24 Via Sistina for embroidered things; old prints—to make a lovely gifts—at Alinari in Via Condotti, or costume dolls from Lenci, Via Bissolatie.

Hosteria dell'Orso, 93 Via Monte Brianzo is the most popular of the exclusive restaurants. More moderate is the Pizzeria Sant'Ignazio. (*Continued on page* 69)

ROME (St. Peter's)



COPENHAGEN (the waterfront)

To knit in a new poodle wool for chilly days . . . **The Jacket**

MATERIALS required for this jacket are 27 oz. Lee Target Poodle Wool, 1 pair of long No. 6 knitting needles, 3 yd. bias binding, and 1 button mould 1¼ ins. diameter. Working at a tension of 4 sts. and 7 rows to 1 in., the jacket fits a 34-in. to 36-in. bust. Directions for making the toy poodles which are also knitted in poodle wool are given in Lee Target Leaflet No. 1240.

THE LEFT FRONT

** With No. 6 needles cast on 6 sts.

Work in g.st.

Work 1 row.

Now keeping side edge straight, cast on at the beg. of next and alternate rows at centre-front edge, 3 sts. twice, 2 sts. 5 times and 1 st. 9 times (31 sts.).

Next row.—K. 1, * k. twice into the next st., k. 2 ; rep. from * to end (41 sts.).**

Work 11 rows.

Now keeping side edge straight, dec. 1 st. at front edge on the next row, and then every following 12th row until there are 38 sts. left.

Work 3 rows.

Now continuing to dec. at front edge on every 12th row, shape sleeve as follows :

Cast on at the beg. of next and alternate rows, 1 st. 5 times and 12 sts. 5 times, and then keeping sleeve edge straight, continue to dec. 1 st. on every 12th row at front edge until there are 98 sts. left.

Work 7 rows, ending at sleeve edge.

Shape Top Sleeve and Shoulder.—Decreasing twice more at front edge, cast off at the beg. of next and alternate rows 8 sts. 5 times and 7 sts. 8 times.

(*Continued on page 72*)

Designed by Erika Harrison

To crochet in a new tinsel and wool mixture . . . **The Sweater**

MATERIALS required are 7 oz. Wakefield Greenwood W.G. 3-ply Springtime Botany and Tinsel, a crochet hook (wool size) 14, a 7-in. zip. Tension 1 group to ½ in. Instructions are for 36-in. and 38-in. bust, larger size in brackets, thus: 36 (38). Abbreviations: Ch. = chain, d.c. = double crochet, patt. = pattern., beg. = beginning, in., ins. = inch, inches., inc. = increase, rep. = repeat.

THE FRONT

Using *double* wool, make 61 (69) ch.

1st row.—1 d.c. into 3rd ch., 1 d.c. on each ch. 60 (68) d.c.

Next 5 rows.—(2 ch. as 1st d.c.), work 1 d.c. on each d.c. Change to *single* wool.

7th row.—With 2 ch. (as d.c.) work 4 (3) d.c. on next 4 (3) d.c., * work 2 d.c. into next d.c., 1 d.c. on each of next 4 (5) d.c. ; rep. from * to last 5 (4) d.c., work in d.c. to end, 70 (78) d.c.

Change to the following patt. :

1st row.—Draw the loop on hook out to about ½ in. long (loose loop), wool over hook and draw it through the 1 loop on hook, make 1 loose ch., * put the hook into the last loose loop, wool round hook and draw a loose loop through, keeping it on the hook, put the hook again into the same st. where the last loop came from, draw a very loose loop (about ¾ in. long) and keep it in the hook, put hook into next st. and draw a very loose loop and keep it on the hook, put hook into next st. and draw a very loose loop, keeping it on the hook (5 loops on hook) wool round hook and draw through all the loops, wool round hook and draw through the st. on the hook ; rep. from * to end, and turn with 2 ch.

2nd row.—Count ch. as 1st d.c. on top of 1st group ; now work into the ch. edges of the sts. of previous row, * pick up back loop of st. between groups and work a d.c., pick up 2 loops of the st., grouping loops tog., and work a d.c. ; rep. from * to end until d.c. has been worked into last full group at end, then pick up back loop of 1 ch., make a d.c., then work a d.c. into st. of the 1st single loose loop made at beg. of previous row.

These 2 rows form the patt. Rep. them 3 times more, then 1st row once more.

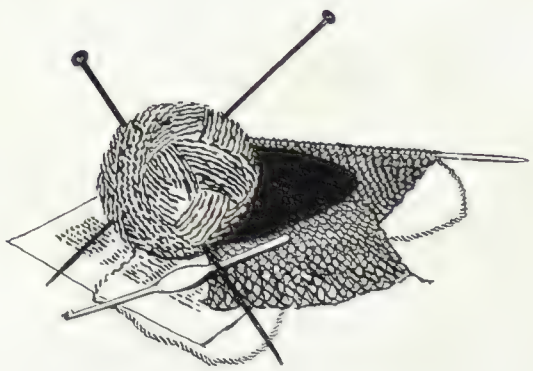
10th row.—In d.c. as for 2nd row but working 2 d.c. into 1st 2 ch. sts. at beg. and end of row (4 extra d.c. in row).

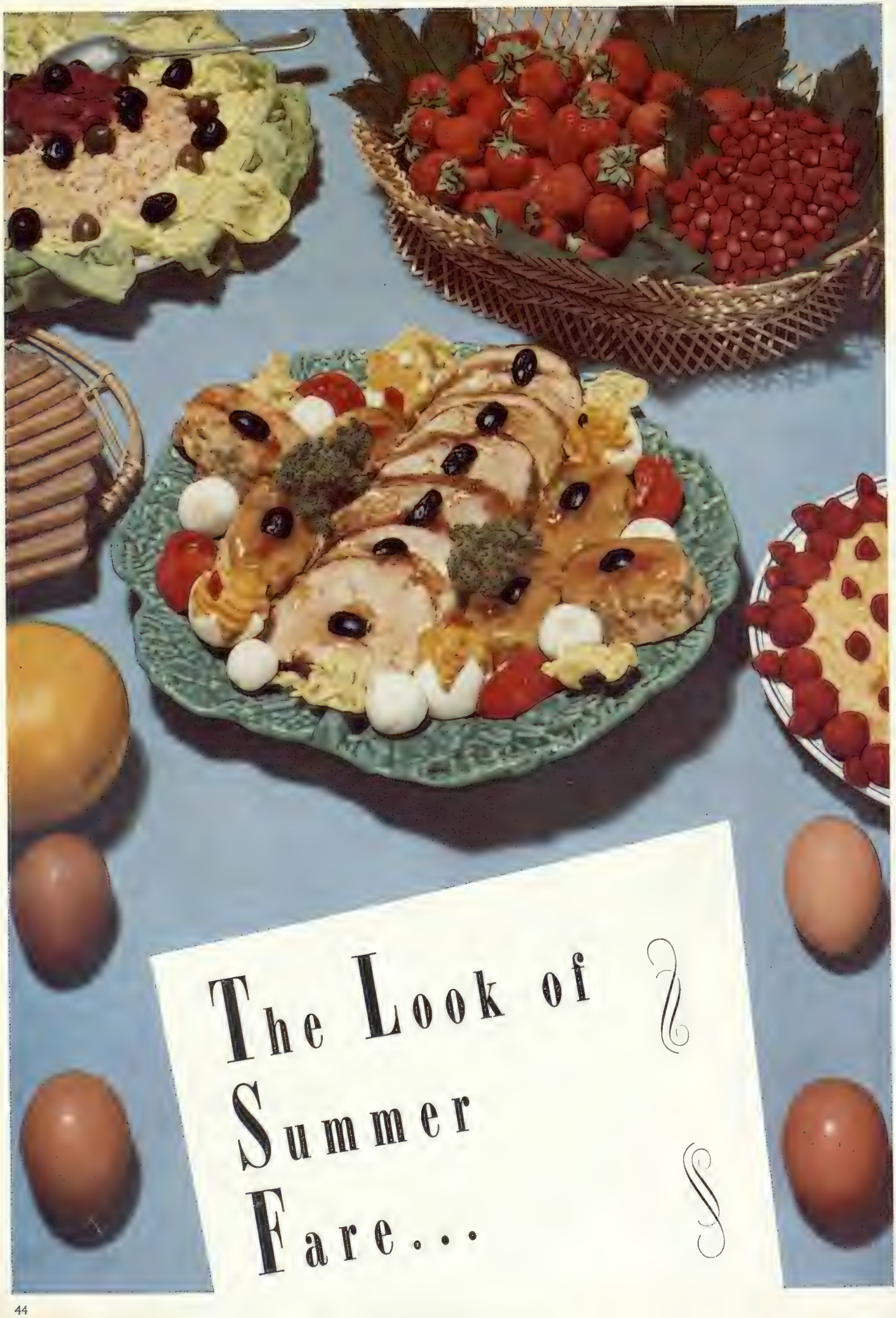
Work in patt. over these 36 (40) (*Continued on page 72*)

Knit One, Crochet One

. . . from London, from Paris

In Paris the newest thing is tinsel and wool. Our instructions for this French model in laine mélangée fil d'or have been adapted for an English tinsel yarn




The Look of
Summer
Fare...

Serving a summer meal is like painting a still life picture. The table appointments, the food, and most important of all, the garnishing, add their quota of colour to make the meal tempting to the eye and to the palate

By JANET DARBY

THE appearance of food is important at all times, as I have frequently stressed in these articles, but summer is pre-eminently the time when careful thought should be given to the *look* of things. Cloudless blue skies and summer air, heavy with heat, are the perfect accompaniment to slow, lazy living. Drowsy movement in a punt—with the proviso that somebody else does the punting! Thin, crisp dresses. No need to think, no need to stir, no desire to eat. . . .

Ah! There you have it! The druglike perfection of a summer's day may produce the illusion that you are all spirit, but, alas, I must undeceive you. The mixture is the same as always: flesh *and* spirit, and both have to be catered for. The weather is doing its best for the spirit. What are you doing for the flesh? Naturally, your diet is lighter in this sort of weather. You don't need to stoke up, to use a graphic phrase. But you do need food which is adequately sustaining, cool or crisp or tangy to eat. The appetite needs to be stimulated, first by the appearance of the meal and secondly by the taste. Learn to be a tempter, and make the look of the food your first consideration.

Treat your dinner or supper table as if it were an artistic composition, for indeed it is! Bring out your napery of cool colours and fine fabrics. Silky damasks, linens of cool green or clear amber, or the intricate tracery of lace, with the gleam of the wood showing through. That is the background to the picture. Clear crystal, shining silver, white or pastel coloured china, for violent colours will not do for a hot day. Besides, you want the food to enchant the eye, so that accessories must not assert themselves; must not be too emphatic.

And now for the food. Aspic, of course, with its gleam so reminiscent of the coolness of water, the savoury jelly moulded into individual portions, containing a macedoine of vegetables, and each topped with an appetizing sleek black olive. Sardine-stuffed eggs, combining nourishment and flavour. Slices of pâté, brushed with a light glaze of aspic; the white, crisp-tasting heads of spring onions, cucumber, thinly sliced and delicate, quartered tomatoes, a careful-careless spray of parsley here and there for the final touch, and you have your central figure. Thinly sliced brown bread, curls of butter, stand attendant. Perhaps a dish of young cos lettuce leaves, with the lightest oil dressing—that gleam again! And to follow what could be nicer than fresh fruit? Berries blushing through their coverlet of rich cream. Sharp green apples to eat with cheddar cheese and crispbread. And perhaps iced coffee or tea to follow.

Make your preparations in the cool of the morning. Stand the dishes aside in the coolest part of your larder, covered with a damp piece of butter muslin so that they do not lose their fresh appearance. This will leave you with the minimum of preparation when the meal has to be served, so that you can come to the table with your family or guests and echo their cry: How nice it all looks!

Here are a few recipes to help you compose your own summer food picture:

Liver Pâté

1lb. lamb or calf liver	1 rounded teaspoonful celery salt
2 hardboiled eggs	1 bay leaf
1 onion	1 teaspoonful Worcester sauce
Salt and pepper	1 teaspoonful lemon juice

Cover liver with boiling water, adding 1 bayleaf and ½ teaspoonful salt. Simmer slowly for 15 minutes. Drain, keeping liquid for stock. (*Continued on page 72*)

Savoury aspics, as here, served with crisp green salad, fruits in season and whipped cream are perfect components of a summer menu

By MARY L. HACKER

Illustrations by SAWYER

A Moment in Time

SHE came briskly into the dining-room after us the evening that we arrived at the hotel. Once inside the door she stopped and looked round the room, scrutinizing every face, but smiling rather abstractedly at the people who made signs of welcome. She was not young, but quite lovely, and well and soberly dressed.

She was obviously looking for someone, but failing to find him or her she went out again, and presently returned with an old lady leaning on her arm, whom she solicitously helped to settle herself at a table, do involved things with yards of expensive black lace scarf, and put down a bulging handbag without spilling all its contents.

The younger woman accepted a menu from the waiter, smiling, and with a pleasant word. I thought from their manner that the waiters liked her, and people who had finished dinner stopped to speak to her as they went out. Her face in the candlelight was charming, and I watched it, fascinated. Favours, I thought, are unfairly distributed.

This rich and beautiful woman appeared to be witty and intelligent, and to have a delightful disposition. I having none of these qualities sulked over my soup, and tried to convince myself that having three children and a husband whom I loved I need not mind being lanky and swarthy and having large feet and no brains.

The old lady grumbled when the daughter, as I felt sure she was, sent away the decanter of Burgundy still half full, and the young face was solicitous and understanding. I noticed that whenever the door opened she looked round immediately, but somehow furtively. I had an impression that other people were, so to speak, watching her watch, and that she was expecting someone about whom they knew.

Once the old lady looked up unexpectedly and caught her daughter turning for the tenth time to see who had come in. The old lady said something sharply, and I saw the fine features opposite wince, and suffuse with a faint blush. The daughter looked at her clasped hands and said nothing, and then it was her mother's turn to sit with an expression of solicitude and anxious affection on her face.

"Miss Forsyth and her mother," murmured a passing acquaintance in reply to my murmured inquiry. I noticed that it was not Mrs. Forsyth and her daughter. I decided that Miss Forsyth was expecting an admirer. I couldn't imagine why she was still single. I know a lot of beautiful women don't marry, but people who know them don't seem to like them as well as the people in that room seemed to like Miss Forsyth.

After dinner it rained, and everyone assembled in the two big lounges, one leading out of the other.

The Forsyths slipped in without heroic airs, and Miss

She seemed to be expecting someone, someone about whom they all knew. Once the old lady looked up unexpectedly and caught her daughter turning for the tenth time to see who had come in

Forsyth provided her mother with magazines and a handbag, and a piece of remarkably ugly crochet work, and lastly a cup of very milky coffee. This should have been enough for any old lady, but the business at dinner, or something, had upset her, and she seemed restless.

She eyed her daughter surreptitiously, and at last, aware of it and half mischievous, Miss Forsyth said: "Haven't you all you want, dear?"

"I think so, Antonia." She looked round rather hopefully. "I can't think of anything else. Can you, dear?"

"Of course not. If I did I should get it for you."

They laughed together. Both had charming voices. The old lady picked up her crochet work and continued it with the terrific speed of an addict.

Miss Forsyth caught my eye and came to speak to me, but as if on the way to somewhere else. I saw her mother stiffen, and resented it. I was not, after all, unsuitable company for her daughter, who was old enough to speak to whom she chose.

"Was it your children I saw having early supper?" asked

Miss Forsyth. "I thought so. The boy is so like you. I hear the girls are sleeping next to me."

I knew from the amusement in her eye that Nancy had been tactless as usual.

I said that the one thing we didn't like about the hotel was that the two girls had to be put some way from us. I wasn't exactly anxious but——

"Oh, please," she said, "tell them to get me if they are nervous, or want anything at night. I like children. My brother has four, and I have always looked after the old family while the new one was arriving."

I knew that she meant it, and was sure that if a small, troubled figure in pyjamas disturbed her in the early hours she would be both kind and competent.

"I hope they won't disturb your mother. They are fairly quiet children."

"Oh, no." She sat down beside me. I noticed that there were no more glances towards the door. I glanced at it myself, and she said gently: "If you are expecting anyone tonight, I am afraid it is too late. Unless you have someone perhaps coming by car?"

"Oh, no," I said. "We are not expecting anyone. We are all here, you see."

"All here," she said with a little sigh. "What a delightful thought! Well, I suppose some of us have to wait longer than others to come to it." She got up and went to one of the writing desks at the back of the room. She hesitated for a moment, looking at the drawn velvet curtains behind the desk but not, I think, seeing them.

She picked up a pen and began to write.

HER mother screwed herself round alarmingly in her chair to see what her daughter could be doing, but found the desk beyond her range of observation. She looked about her almost frantically for a moment, then beckoned to a man who had gone to their table during dinner. He went across and she whispered something to him in controlled agitation. He straightened himself, looked around, and I suppose discovered Antonia and reassured her mother.

"They know at the desk," he said. "They are always careful, you know."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," said the old lady, not a bit convinced.

She isn't so bad, I thought. She's afraid that someone may have left a message and that they haven't had it.

Antonia wrote her letter fluently, put it into an envelope, sealed it, rather lingeringly, I thought, half as if regretting it was finished, and half as if wondering what to do with it, and finally put it into her elegant evening bag and went back to her mother.

The old lady looked her over with the scrutiny of those who have been rejoined by their daughters, but began to talk about her crochet- (*Continued on page 73*)

"Could you lend me a stamp?" she said. In spite of her light tone, he looked at her earnestly

The pick of the month's reading

—fiction and non-fiction

recommended for your enjoyment

THE DANCING BEES : VON FRISCH

Veronica Dengel, the author of "All About You"

July Reading

by

TREVOR ALLEN

Daphne du Maurier, the author of "Mary Anne"

WHEN I come across a book with a lot of blue language in it I wonder: how do women regard this growing vogue? True, I've known a few with quite a repertoire of their own, but the majority, I imagine, dislike it. Tim Carew's **"All This and a Medal Too"** (Constable; 15s.) is so blue in places that it might have been titled *All This and* ——— ——— *Too*, and the dedication, "To My Wife, but for whose knowledge of the English language this book might never have been published," seems to need qualifying. It concerns twelve years' soldiering in the raw—Royal Horse Guards, Parachute Regiment, Burma with the Ghurkas (wounded, awarded M.C.), Java and Malaya. Before that Mr. Carew was a police cadet at seventeen, and his brother-cops called him Dangerous Dan Magrew. It is a lively memoir packed with humour, incident; soldiering with the lid off and all the cards on the table; but even though soldiers speak it did he need to quote verbatim so much ——— ———? Will it be read blushlessly even by soldiers' daughters, sweethearts, wives, apart from Wracs, Wrafs and Wrens?

Dr. Leonard Bousfield keeps well off the ——— even though he must have heard a lot of it as medical student at the East London Hospital, Whitechapel, fifty years ago when drinking was heavy and dockers would be brought in cold-drunk after "sucking the monkey"—crawling under barrels of spirits, boring with a bradawl, and drinking the trickle until they became unconscious and sometimes went on swallowing automatically until it killed them. Another recollection is of a glass hearse returning from a funeral with four or five mourners piled inside, all dead-drunk in reverent memory of the departed. But most of **"Sudan Doctor"** (Christopher Johnson; 15s.) records his experiences after he became M.O.H. for Khartoum Province and Chief Sanitary Officer to the Sudan Government: entertainingly anecdotal, with some medical "shop."

Most of us have a drop or two of Norman blood in us, but I doubt if we need be so proud of it. L. G. Pine, editor of *Burke's Peerage*, reminds us in **"They Came With the Conqueror"** (Evans; 21s.) that William's 1066 lot comprised 5,000 knights plus followers, making up (*Continued on page 74*)

REGENCY PANORAMA

IS it possible that the gentle Daphne du Maurier's great-great-grandma was the gold-digging minx, Mrs. Clarke, who vamped the Duke of York and got him into so much trouble over the corrupt sale of Army commissions? It is, and **"Mary Anne"** (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.) is all about her. What lies, intrigues, bills, debts, quarrels, exposures, blackmail from a drunken husband! What a woman! And what a peach—possibly over-ripe—of a story! But are colloquialisms like "Hell's bells," "Got it in one," "Get cracking," quite Regency, madam?

Scrupulous Helen Ashton would as soon hurl a brick at Brighton's Royal Pavilion as introduce anachronisms into her panorama of Georgian Royalty seen through the lives of their servants: **"Footman in Powder"** (Collins; 12s. 6d.). She catches the atmosphere of "Prinny" and his times exquisitely, and the belowstairs commentary is touching—on his mockery of a wedding to Caroline, for example: "If it was you and me, now, Bet, it wouldn't be like this; if you and I joined hands, Harry, there 'd be true love between us. Let 's thank our stars we 're not princes and princesses and can make our own choice." Footman Jem and his Liz are treasures. The bold Mary Anne comes into this story, too.

Rayne Kruger sends his heroine in quest of a lost legacy in his new book "My Name is Celia"

The

SOMEWHERE at the back of our minds I suppose most of us cherish a vision of our ideal room, a setting against which an equally idealised version of ourselves moves graciously and tranquilly, unruffled by qualms about where next term's school fees are coming from, what to have for to-morrow night's supper or just how long the dining-room carpet will go on hanging together.

It may be a composite picture of all the rooms we have ever loved. It may be the streamlined, not-a-hair-out-of-place room of some exhibition. Or, perhaps more often amid the flurry of modern life, we hanker for the reassuring and nostalgic "English" elegance of a room glimpsed in the pages of some book on famous homes, a room in which the centuries seem to have left something of their own serenity.

Alas! Sooner or later most of us come down to earth and find ourselves wondering whether we can reproduce a vision of this kind in a modest sitting-room rather less than a third the size of the original. The short answer is that we can't. For nothing will turn a cottage into a palace and the suburban garden decked with the balustrades and pillars of a Blenheim is never more than a rather unseemly joke.

What we *can* do is to capture those qualities which, when it comes to it, are, I believe, what really attracts us to the original more than the mere shape of the room or the individual items of furniture in it.

What are those qualities? What are the ingredients that go to make up the charm of what we think of as the typical English drawing-room? A sense of timeless peace, of homeliness even in the presence of grandeur, of spaciousness, a slight formality perhaps: all these are surely the essence of that typically English picture. And all these we can achieve in a room ten by ten.

But our aim must be to catch the *mood* rather than to copy every detail faithfully. For the secret of successful decoration is that it seems to stem directly from the architecture itself. So we cannot expect to achieve the desired effect by reproducing the original picture and omitting the bulkier pieces when they won't fit into the smaller canvas. The whole scheme must be scaled down so that it remains a coherent entity.

Our original model, for example, probably has long casement windows arranged in pairs which are set off by floor-length curtains with an elaborately draped and swagged pelmet. But the curtains alone would seem to fill our own room with its shallow, horizontal, rather than vertical, window. Yet we might still retain the essence of the original by graceful, cross-over curtains of frilled net flanked by candy-striped curtains and topped by a pelmet, much lighter in weight than Regency drapes but in the same spirit.

Similarly, a glittering crystal chandelier would have to go! But by all means replace it with a tiny crystal basket as long as you realise that this amounts to sheer decoration. For, because the bulb shows through, this type of fitting gives a harsh, too-revealing light which must be softened by pools of light from other lamps.

ONE of the essentials of the original picture was probably a certain formality, a formality of both colour and arrangement. Colour alone is a powerful force in creating an atmosphere. (*Continued on page* 76)

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

Illustrations by HANS SCHWARZ

Period Air ...in Miniature

It often happens that our dreams of an ideal room must be adapted to the proportions of our own house and pocket. If you cherish the vision of a room in the more gracious English tradition this may help you to adapt the dream to the reality

BEAUTY . . .

. . . by CHRYSIS

Beauty in Your Hands

The increasing number of jobs coming into the "do-it-yourself" class put a heavy burden on the hands, figuratively and literally. This article deals with the problems of keeping the hands well groomed, although hard worked

MANY of us, faced with an ever-increasing proportion of our own housework, have given up hope of having presentable hands. The outlook is not as depressing as that. Although housework takes its toll, even the most hard-worked hands can be well-groomed, if not exotically beautiful.

Prevention is, as ever, better than cure for most hand troubles. With sensible protection against the wear and tear of the daily round, the chances of splitting and flaking nails, ragged cuticles, redness and roughness and all the other unsightly consequences of over-dry skin, are reduced. Barrier creams take only seconds to rub into the hands; rubber gloves—now much improved with suede-finished linings—take only a moment to pull on and off. These minutes of care through the day save hours later trying to restore the depredations of housework.

The findings of the Government investigation into the effects of detergents has underlined the importance of protecting the hands against over-dryness. Detergents are not injurious in themselves. It is their drying action that does the damage to hands and nails. The Government recommendations are both sound and practical. The detergent solution should never be made stronger than necessary and the hands should *always* be washed and hand cream or lotion applied after their use. Better still, use rubber gloves or, if gloves are impracticable, a barrier cream—and still follow with the final wash and hand lotion.

The less hands are in water, whether with detergents or not, the better for their looks, especially in hard-water districts. Softened water acts like magic on badly-soiled hands. There is a powder softener on the market which neutralises the harsh elements in hard water. Quite apart (*Continued on page 71*)

If you have any hand or nail troubles that do not respond to treatment, write for advice, enclosing a stamped envelope, to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," 195, Strand, W.C.2

Service of the Month

LADIES who are chronically allergic to carrying their umbrellas, please note. If you are caught in a rain shower without mac or brolly, drop into the nearest Achille Serre dry-cleaning depot. They will lend you an umbrella free of charge. The scheme has already started and doubters will be interested to learn that all umbrellas lent have been punctiliously returned!

The same firm also has a useful "summer storage" service. They will store any of the family's winter woollens out of circulation for the summer, for the modest sum of 1s. a month or 1 per cent. of the value of the garment, in addition to cleaning cost. This will provide guaranteed mothproof storage until your winter coats or blankets are needed again.

In this "summer storage" service, winter garments are cleaned—and repaired or relined if required—and after impregnation with DDT, placed in sealed bags, safe from moths, dirt and dust, to wait for the first chill of autumn. The minimum charges are 4s. 6d. for garments and 10s. for furs for a six-months storage period, or 1 per cent. of value if this is higher—and if you reckon up the cost of possible depreciation through moth to the family's winter wardrobe at present high prices, the charges seem a sound investment.

Notes for Your Memo Pad

- The makers of "Rufflette" brand curtain tapes have produced a well-illustrated booklet called "So You're Having New Curtains!" which gives practical information on choosing curtain materials, measuring for curtains, making and draping, etc. Write for the free booklet to Thomas French and Co. Ltd., Dept. 13R, Chester Road, Manchester, 15.

- The new English Electric vacuum cleaner is fitted with radio and T.V. suppressors. Interesting detail is a flexible rubber nozzle intended for awkward corners and crevices and is particularly gentle with fragile furnishing fabrics.

- For informal meals between T.V. programmes, Spode chinaware have created hors d'œuvre dishes to match their standard dinner services. Prices range from 25s. 2d. for a dish according to the design, obtainable through Thomas Goode Ltd., 19, South Audley Street, W.1.

- Mothers of schoolchildren who have to mark all their linen will like to know of the Scroll Ball Point laundry-marker. It works like a ball-point pen and ensures deep and really indelible printing. It is much easier to control than the traditional pen and marking ink, with less chance of blotting. Price 5s. 6d., refills 2s. 1½d. from W. H. Smith and Son.

1

2

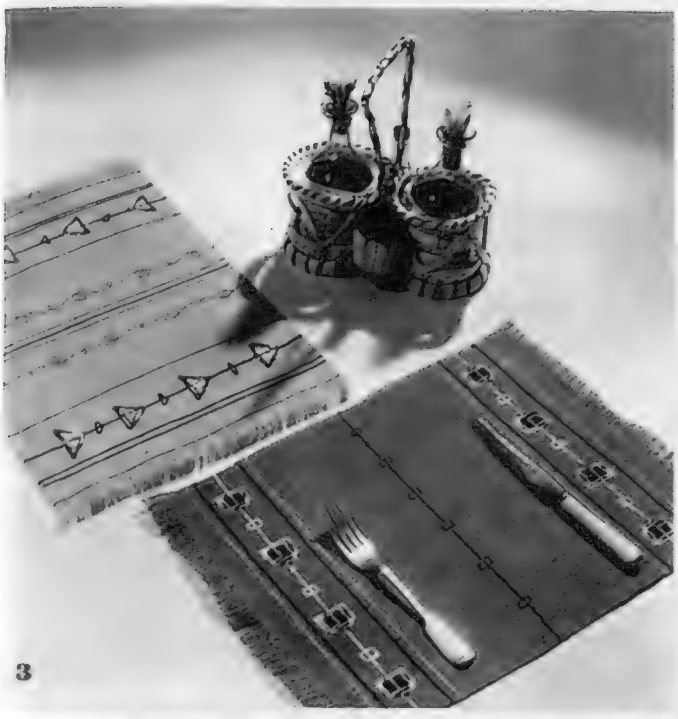
MARGARET SHARP

Shopping

1. Artificial fruit, which is making a comeback for decoration, arranged here on a Copeland fruit comport. Prices range from 4s. for apples to 15s. for a pineapple, postage free, from Thames Artistic Moulding Studios Ltd., 107, Hampton Road, Hampton Hill, Middlesex.

2. Gense Swedish stainless steel tableware, in an attractive modern design, has the great advantage that it needs no cleaning. Over 100 pieces are available and the price is moderate. Example, platter 52s., sugar-bowl £4 0s. 6d. From Heal and Sons.

3. Hand-made straw table-mats in several colours, 10s. 6d. each, postage extra, from Liberty and Co., Regent Street, W.1.
The Italian salad cruet, with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper containers in one unit, is from Peter Jones, Sloane Square, W.1, price 18s. 11d., postage and packing 1s. 6d. extra.



for You

4. The Vacco flask has a milk bottle neatly contained in the base of the flask so that milk need not be added to tea or coffee until it is actually wanted. Components can be bought separately for replacement. Price 7s. 6d. from Timothy White and Taylor's and Heppell's.

5. For the early tea or breakfast tray, a natural coloured straw mat and tea-cosy edged with gay checked gingham with matching gingham napkin. The great advantage of straw cloth is that it can be sponged clean. Price 39s. the set, postage extra, from Liberty and Co., Regent Street, W.1.

6. This fitted picnic basket of Italian straw, equipped for four people, is a real bargain at 17s. 6d. complete. Remove flasks, sandwich-box, etc., and it will serve as an ordinary carrying basket. Postage extra, from Wm. Whiteley, Ltd., Queensway, W.2.

The Clydella 'Niteysac buttons at the hem, combining the virtues of a nightdress and sleeping-bag. 19s. 11d., Dickins and Jones

Fill Your Room with Fragrance

By
W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER

THIS is the time of year, when the garden is full of blossom, to prepare a potpourri which will remain fragrant throughout the flowerless months of winter.

The potpourri should consist mainly of rose-petals, with other petals or scented foliage added for colour and fragrance. Don't forget that the real rose fragrance comes from the essential oil, and many of the old-fashioned roses may have far more essential oil than the modern varieties. The old cabbage roses, for instance, are grand for a potpourri and so are the damask roses. The foliage of sweet briar and Provence roses are good, while some of the old-fashioned species like the " Bonny Prince Charles " are well worth growing for the purpose.

Gather the petals from the flowers which have been grown in a warm, sunny spot. It is from these blooms that the strongest perfume comes. The flowers must always be gathered direct from the garden. Cut flowers that have been picked some time before and left standing in water are no use for potpourri. It pays to pluck blooms that are on the young side, and to gather them first thing in the morning, just after the dew has dried on them. Don't pick the full-blown flowers and never attempt to gather them during the mid-day when they are in full sun.

A potpourri is all the more attractive for some variety in colour. It is possible to vary the pinks and reds of roses with petals of blue pansies and violas, and even of cornflowers and marigolds. It is always possible to add to the bowl petals which will add colour to the potpourri, even though they may not in themselves be specially scented.

There are a number of other plants which will yield both flowers and foliage for a potpourri; mignonette, for instance, heliotrope, the petals of carnations and pinks, the bells of lily of the valley, the flowers of philadelphus and highly-scented viburnum. Then there is the violet, lavender, rosemary, bergamot and thyme, all of which will provide leaves as well as flowers. The foliage of lemon verbena is useful, as well as the bay and *eucalyptus citriodora*.

When the petals and leaves are picked, they should be laid out singly on clean paper, in front of a sunny window or even on the shelving of the greenhouse. There they should remain for two, but not more than three, days before they are turned and left for another few days. Then they are put in a basin and sprinkled with fine common salt, using about 1 lb. to each 14 lb. of dried flower petals.

In the reign of Elizabeth the First, tastes ran to spiciness in a potpourri. They would use in (*Continued on page 72*)

The rare old Staffordshire potpourri vase in cobalt blue and gold is from Thomas Goode

Set for *Arlecchino* at Glyndebourne

On left:

Glyndebourne, the most enterprising opera house in the world, this year gives the first performance in Britain of Busoni's *Arlecchino*, which—far from being a wistful Harlequin-and-Columbine affair, is "a ferocious satire on the theatre, the conventional opera, war, and human nature in general." Busoni stands almost alone among composers in being a man of the world—keenly observant, witty and widely read, as well as a man of music. He revelled in writing *Arlecchino*, which was first put on in Zürich in 1917, when he was fifty-one. The audience, however, was discomfited by the savage humour of his libretto and score, and so this one-act "theatrical caprice" did not appear on the Italian stage until 1940. The set, shown left, is a street in Bergamo, Harlequin's traditional home. This, together with the costumes and act drop—a Venetian puppet theatre—was designed for the Glyndebourne production by the gifted young artist, Peter Rice.

Looking Around . . .

Discussion Points of the Month

July is here—a month of holiday leisure for many—time for talk about interesting happenings and intriguing people . . .

On right:

It was tall, athletic Teddy Tinling who first brought fashion to the tennis court when, in 1937, he created the famous "Lenglen look." Since then Wimbledon has hit the fashion headlines with almost as great an impact as the sporting page. This year Doris Hart will be seen, between games, in a strawberry-coloured nylon fleece cardigan: on the court she remains true to her classic shirtwaist-and-pleats. Maureen Connolly (inset right) will wear Tinling's latest princess line, with a glint of satin edging to fascinate spectators and TV viewers alike. Off the court she will add a bolero of white nylon fleece with jewelled rackets on the lapels. Always, Tinling suits the style to the personality, designing clothes which the champions will feel happy in, and which will also be fashion news right across the world.

Teddy Tinling and (inset) Maureen Connolly

Wedgwood pieces at Kenwood House

Above:

In the late 1760s, Robert Adam was at work on Kenwood House, and Josiah Wedgwood was perfecting his famous Jasper ware. Now, fittingly, Kenwood is the setting for a large Wedgwood exhibition. Above are six buckles of blue and white Jasper mounted on cut steel. It was Wedgwood's discovery of Jasper, after long experiment, which made such delicate cameos possible; "a white porcelain *bisque*," he described it, "capable of receiving colours through its whole substance . . . this renders it peculiarly fit for cameos, portraits, and all subjects in bas relief; as the ground may be of any colour throughout, without paint or enamel, and the raised figures of a pure white." Top left is the Bourbonnais Shepherd : below, Poor Maria—both from Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*—Nos. 121 and 122 in the exhibition. This is well worth a walk over London's pleasant northern heights to see. Kenwood House is open from 10 a.m.—7 p.m. each weekday; 2.30—7 on Sundays, and the exhibition remains there until September 30.

On right:

Stephen Monk, hero of Christopher Isherwood's new novel, *The World In The Evening* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), is certainly no camera : he is a weak, rich young man who lets life live him, drifts into hopeless involvements with people, and uses up his energy in continually justifying himself to himself. The people are : Elizabeth, an amused, ironic, civilized writer, older than himself, whose mind intrigues him; Jane, generous, spontaneous, capricious—the uncomplicated Eve, in fact, whose body attracts him; and Michael, a young homosexual, to whom he finds himself responding. Stephen himself is Everyman: a poor performer in the arena of private life, who finds it easier to join the Foreign Legion than hold a balance between people, who cannot reconcile friendship and physical passion, who finds the human lot, indeed, utterly impossible.

Christopher Isherwood

Fabric mosaic portrait by Mary Ireland

Photograph by Peter Strickland

Above:

The fabric mosaic portrait is a new form of art invented by Mary Ireland—or rather born of her knowledge of stained glass, her love of fashion-history—and her sense of fun. Miss Ireland began her artistic career as a worker in stained glass, and had gained high proficiency in this difficult craft, when she fell ill from acid-poisoning and was forbidden to touch it again. About this time she became fascinated by the history of fashion, especially from the fabric angle, and began to collect pieces of the many lovely materials which our ancestors used for their clothes. Then came the idea of the mosaic picture. Mary Ireland began to draw, and as she outlined each perfect form of drapery, leaf or feature, she assigned to every one its proper material. There could be no make-dos. The designs were traced on to wood, which was covered with paste, and the exacting work of appliquéing the small, intricately cut pieces of material began : some pieces were padded, some stippled, the faces were painted in water-colours on silk, and the whole pressure-sealed to preserve the fabric. The Lady Heartsease, above, is a lovely study in Tudor pink and yellow with a gold plaited silk background, a cap of eighteenth-century silk and velvet, and a Tudor rose in the corner.

Barry Fitzgerald and David Niven

On Left:

Coming shortly is a hilarious Irish extravaganza, *Happy Ever After*, with David Niven as a recalcitrant squire with a charmed life, and Yvonne de Carlo as Serena, the *femme fatale*—and his only match. Squire O'Leary has a way of doing unpopular things, like insulting a vintage car, abolishing the Hunt, remembering money owing to him, chasing poachers, and giving notice to the publican. The villagers, therefore, determine to see him out, and, apart from the obvious guns, their enterprise includes home-made bombs, doped whiskey and a faked O'Leary ghost. They save O'Leary Hall, however, which the Squire had set on fire in order to collect insurance. He takes defeat gamely, and leaves Ireland for good, together with Serena, to the general satisfaction.

On Right:

At last the many Joyce Grenfells have a revue to themselves. It is being presented by "Airs On A Shoestring" Laurier Lister at the Fortune Theatre under the tongue-twisting title of *Joyce Grenfell Requests The Pleasure*. They deny that it *is* a revue—but what else is one to call it? It consists of a wealth of new character sketches, written and acted by Miss Grenfell, varied by American-style mime-ballets danced by Beryl Kaye, Paddy Stone and Irving Davies. At first sight, "refained" Suburbia and "Annie Get Your Gun" folk-lore would seem to be strange bed-fellows, but in fact they enhance each other, and provide an evening's lively entertainment, the diversity of which never dissolves into incoherence. Since the unforgettable *Penny Plain*, Joyce Grenfell has been absent from the theatre, although, as a beaded landlady or sou'westered birdwatcher, she has stolen thunder from the stars in one or two British films. She herself is a true fixed star: there is no one like her, and no one *quite* like the health-through-rhythmite, couldn't-care-less salesgirl, solemn folk-song prospector, gold-digging children's authoress, or arty girl in the curio shop which she has isolated for us from the human zoo. These are works of art, not reality, but they remind us of people we know (*never* ourselves !) and bestow on them a certain comic immortality.

Joyce Grenfell

The Pavilion at Brighton

On Left:

A *chinoiserie* bedroom . . . an eighteenth-century drawing-room with Hepplewhite furniture that once belonged to Mrs. Fitzherbert, the splendour and fantasy of George the Fourth's summer palace at Brighton provides the setting for an exhibition which began in 1950 and has created so much interest that it continues.

This year's exhibition which opens on the seventeenth of the month will disclose some of the most striking restorations ever carried out in this ever-surprising building. The Chinese corridor, which was repainted in Victorian times in sombre apricot and green, has returned, down the whole of one side, to its original and lovely pink and cerulean blue. Details of the exotic design were established from surviving fragments of the original decoration found under the Victorian overpaint.

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"You Wash, and I'll Wipe"

By SYLVIA WARD

Illustration by WETHERBEE

I AM the victim of a conspiracy.

Years ago, before we were married, it was firmly decided between us that we would always share the household chores. It was as simple as that. There were certain tasks that were obviously more suitable for a woman to do—though, of course, we agreed that circumstances might alter cases.

Similarly it went without saying that the heavier tasks, the dirtier tasks, would by the common code of chivalry devolve on the man who was to be my husband.

I remember we discussed this business of the household chores at some length; for we both felt strongly that share-and-share alike in this field was one of the fundamentals of a happy marriage. We cast mental eyes round the circle of our friends and relatives and it was plain that *here* the master of the house left too much to his wife, and *there* the lady herself thought nothing of lying abed while her husband prepared his skimpy breakfast and fled for the morning train.

No, we said firmly, such things should not be. These were the awful pointers before us—the indications of rocks on which, we were sure, more than one marriage was going to go under long before more orthodox rifts made their appearance.

We even grew light-hearted about it and drew up little lists of the various homely tasks we should have to tackle until fortune smiled on us and we could afford to employ someone else to do them for us. And our lists neatly allocated the traditional masculine and feminine tasks . . . We wrote them down on sheets of notepaper, and I headed them neatly, "Him" and "Me." . . .

And did it work out that way? Not a bit of it! Oh, we shared the chores all right—and we still do, after ten years of marriage and not a help in sight on our horizon. But what I want to know is: Why is it that all the traditionally male tasks seem to fall to my lot, while he gets on very smartly and swiftly with the other jobs? Why is it that I'm always struggling with the boiler while he says, "Let me do that, dear"? (I used to let him sometimes and listen outside the kitchen door to the muttered curses, striking of innumerable matches, sinister splash of paraffin from a can, more match striking and frenzied bellowing for the first-aid box).

Or bringing in the coal and coke: He really did his best here for a long while, though he never seemed to notice the trail of dust and little gritty bits of coal across the floors. . . .

It all began with the washing-up, I think. That started off quite simply. "You wash and I'll wipe," he said. That task completed left him free, and me with a handful of other objects still to tackle. So he said: "I'll do the washing-up while you do something else."

He still does the washing-up when he's at home, bless him, mountains of it, now we are a family. *When he's at home.*

But I've a sneaking suspicion he likes doing it.

Dusting, too, he quickly took (*Continued on page 76*)

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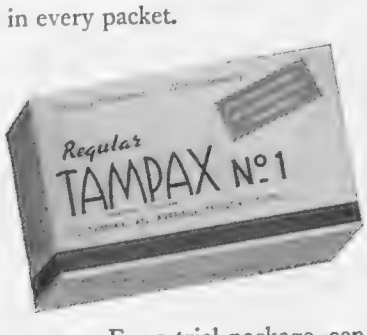

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Green For Danger

(*Continued from page 12*)

lately, what with one thing and another." He offered her a cigarette and she lit one for him as well.

"I take it," he said presently, "that you had the fight to end all fights this evening?"

"Yes, we did. Everything was leading up to it, you know, things have been going a bit sour lately. Mel didn't get the part he wanted in *Silly Season* because he can't dance, and . . . and. . . ."

"And he started telling his troubles to Vicky instead of to you, and you were jealous. . . ."

"Oh yes, I was! I didn't mean to be, it just sort of caught me before I saw it coming, and then I was—you know, *helpless*, like one is, and I started saying things, and . . . and . . . Well, he's said once or twice it was no good and he'd better go back to Canada and go to work for his father in that lumber business they have, and then one day he came down from your flat and told me that . . . that. . . ."

"That Vicky and I had said we hated Canadians."

"Something like that. Oh, Nick, *did* you say that?"

"Vicky said something like it," Nick said tranquilly, "and I had to back her so that it wouldn't hurt too much just coming from her. But, of course, we didn't say it as baldly as that, and he took it out of the context of what we *were* saying, and he stamped away before we had time to explain."

"It would take a lot of explaining," Maris said, "poor Mel."

"So you had it all out this evening?"

"Yes. And then we saw some shoplifters arrested outside Thompsons, and then. . . ." Maris stopped, her throat thickening. All my life, she thought, I shall remember that because it was the last bit of intimacy we had.

"If you'd like to cry," Nick suggested, "pray do! I'm quite experienced in mopping up tears—been doing it upstairs for days."

"Nick," Maris cried in a sudden rush of words, "why didn't he ask me to marry him? What was wrong? All this time, we've been so close, had so much fun—what did I *do*? In all his talk about going back to Canada, why didn't he suggest taking me with him?"

"I can answer that, if you want me to."

"I do, Nick. Please."

"Well, you know all about the jealousy part—but perhaps you don't know that professional jealousy is, I'd say, about eight times worse than the emotional kind. You helped him too much, my pet—you even gave him a home—there isn't a man alive who can take that much help from the girl he loves. Some day," Nick ended with a sudden roughness in his voice, "when I'm less helpless than I am now, and when my songs make more money than your acting does, I shall propose to you myself—but not until then."

"Oh, Nick. . . ." Maris began helplessly.

"One more word, as the lecturers say. I have a message for women, Maris my duck, and this is it; love us as much as you like, but please for God's sake if you value us as men, don't help us too much. We're poor, weak creatures and we just can't take it."

He was smiling, but Maris saw that one hand was clasping the arm of his chair so tightly that the veins stood out.

"I think," Maris said, "that I have to go after him. That boat doesn't sail until Friday and it's only Wednesday. Nick, I have to go."

"Then I am to take it," Nick said wryly, "that you're not going to wait around until I'm less helpless than I am now, etcetera?"

"Oh, *Nick*! How could I be so heartless? I'm not thinking of anyone but me! I'm so sorry."

"Not at all," Nick said politely, "it's an improvement. Up to now you've been thinking of nobody but Mel, and that got you nowhere. And Maris—if you miss the boat—literally or not—I shall still be here."

The autumn wind was blowing salt and cold off the Mersey when Maris walked quickly up the gang-plank, her heart thudding heavily. Vicky and Nick had waved her goodbye in the great gloomy London station.

"What can I say to him, Vicky?" she had whispered and Vicky had said firmly:

"Don't say anything. Just look lost and if that doesn't work, come back to us."

"Remember what I said about missing the boat," Nick said, and she was remembering it now, as she started her systematic search through the ship for a tall, familiar figure.

She had almost given up hope, but then she found him, standing at the rail looking down at the busy scene on the dock. She stood quietly beside him and looked down, too, and suddenly, forgetting, she cried:

"Oh, darling, look! Those Sisters of Mercy or nuns or something coming on to the boat! Do you remember when we saw. . . ."

He turned with a start, and as she met his eyes Maris felt suddenly tranquil, as if, in the middle of a storm, the wind had stopped blowing. Why, she thought happily, I haven't missed the boat after all!

"What about *Last Love*?" Mel was asking, laughing down at her.

"Oh, they didn't like me," she said, doing her best, through her gleaming happiness, to look lost and frightened, "they've put in Jennifer Roberts. So I . . . I came after you."

"Will you like Canada?" he asked, "because I'm going home for good."

"So am I," Maris said, "I'd better like it."

Absently, as he moved to put his arms round her, she took the folded newspaper from him and carelessly dropped it over the side. He didn't even notice, and there wasn't much chance now that he would see the item which said that Miss Maris Temple's withdrawal from the cast of *Last Love* was deeply regretted by the management, who understood that Miss Temple was going to Canada to be married.

END

Second Youth

(*Continued from page 13*

lodgers. I am too busy to think of anything but them."

Not the life for everybody, but Miss Islington opened up new vistas in her own way and we all have the same freedom of choice.

So, out with the metaphorical dustpan and brush, I say. Sweep away the clichés which hang like cobwebs around the whole subject of age. The first to banish is the assumption that women must lose their attractiveness to men as youth passes. Why? Is the average man of middle age so youthful himself? Is there no such thing as a masculine middle age spread? The men who interest us and whom we hope to interest are surely in our own age group?

Second among the popular notions festooned with mental cobwebs are those which concern middle-age maladies. Imagination, I believe, invests these with exaggerated terrors. Any doctor will tell you that many healthy women pass the climacteric with a minimum of discomfort. Others look for middle age afflictions with a morbid conviction of their inevitability and, in doing so, suffer in anticipation over ailments which at another time of life would be dismissed as trifling.

It is many years since we put on frilled caps at forty and folded our hands in resignation. The days when women's interests and activities were strictly limited to those of a wife and mother have been a long time gone. Yet, in many respects, we retain the mental outlook of the past. Does that make sense?

Beauticians and fashion designers have shown us the way to attractiveness lasting well past youth. Dieticians and doctors have added their magic to the good work of carrying health and vitality past middle years. The rest is with ourselves. Middle age is not a grievance but an extenuation of our experience. Seen in this light it can well be the threshold of a second youth.

END

Meet My Twins! (*Continued from page 15*)

Give them affection, security, understanding and patience. And above all *don't worry*. An atmosphere of tension can cancel out all the other good things. More harm is done by paying exaggerated attention to a passing idiosyncrasy than by ignoring it. At least that is my experience.

When Joanna used to spit on the pram cover and then spend the whole afternoon trying to syphon it back through her rolled tongue, I just lit another cigarette. When Alyson shattered the silence of the night by banging her bullet head against the end of the cot so that plaster fell off the ceiling, we turned up the radio. In a day or two the habits were forgotten. After all if Dr. Kinsey is right, it is too late to do any good now. And if I am right, children will be what they will be.

What is true of marriage is true of bringing up children : if you relax and take it easy, most problems solve themselves. The majority of couples have their most passionate and disturbing quarrels during the first year of marriage. I am sure that this is because they are both trying desperately to behave in the ideal way prescribed by the textbooks. No one likes to be taken for granted, but it is unsettling to have your partner treating you as though you were a touchy overnight guest who may leave in a fit of pique for Buenos Aires the next morning. Anyway this is what I tell my twins and if they do ever learn to talk I hope they will bear witness of the truth of my words to Dr. Kinsey.

A Doubtful Pleasure

(*Continued from page 19*)

but happened to be in the other one, watching her, it would appear to him no more than that she had *wanted* to go into the pub. Unless he were in the one she happened to go into. But she must take that hance.

She lent backwards and dragged her mackintosh off the back seat. It was a relief to be away from the drip falling on to her neck at any ate. With her mackintosh over her head and clutched around her, she made for the pub.

She found herself in a small lounge with glass-topped tables and a leserted air. From a room nearby, she thought she heard the click of illiard balls. She went down a passage and peered in. Two young nen in their shirt-sleeves looked at her questioningly.

"I am most dreadfully sorry to bother you," she said to them, "but m stranded outside with a car I can't start. The self-starter has gone lead on me, and I wondered if anyone could possibly help."

She smiled at the young men—looked rather pretty with the ackintosh framing hair that was fair and naturally curly and her ice with its impudent nose, and both the young men jumped to it and id "Sure" at the same time, apparently being ready to rush to her id in their shirt sleeves.

"Oh, do put on your coats!" she cried, knowing that if they hought the car was the sort that started just in a moment, they were istaken, "because it's simply teeming!" So the young men put on heir jackets, and followed her out.

"It's just here," she said unnecessarily, for the car, shabby and attered, was the only one to be seen.

"Got the handle?" said one of the young men.

"Yes, it's here—under the seat." In her anxiety to get hold of it he banged her knuckles and broke a nail, thinking, if he is watching iis, I'll *kill* him for it!

One young man, while the other stood beside him looking down nterestedly, inserted the handle and swung. The car remained silent, ot even having the grace to cough. The young man swung again, and then he swung and swung, rain soaking his shoulders while from the river's seat she did everything—but *everything*—pulling out the choke, putting it back to half, shutting it off altogether, pressing her foot down on the accelerator—everything.

"I'm afraid," she said, opening the door a little, and smiling, so as to keep the thing as cheerful as possible, "that she *is* a little temperamental!"

"Let *me* have a go, Bert," said the other young man, taking the handle from his sweating and red-faced friend.

"I *really* feel I shouldn't have bothered you!" she said, filled with remorse.

"That's all right, Miss. We ain't going to give up now, not once we've started!" Bert told her with a grin, while all the time the car remained silent.

Choke in—choke out. Choke half in—choke out. The faintest, most refined of coughs from the engine, like the one a certain type of maiden lady, deprecating, makes behind her hand ; nothing of a cough, but one sufficient to incite the combative urge in a young man. "I'm *sure* she'll start in a minute!" she cried. Choke in—choke out. Yes, of *course* she had turned on the petrol. Both young men, sodden and red-faced now, rain mixing with their sweat, and she, wishing young men were not so influenced by combative urges.

A pause, while the young men rubbed hands across their foreheads, and then the one who wasn't Bert, said, "I suppose the petrol's coming through all right?"

"Oh yes, I'm *sure* it is! I mean—it *was*!"

She knew she didn't know a thing about a car—that *he* wouldn't even give her credit as a driver for more than being what he called good at steering, and she felt stupid for knowing so little, now that the young man who wasn't Bert was opening the old-fashioned bonnet. "I *really* feel I mustn't let you bother any more!" she kept saying, suddenly conscious of what must be meant by the British being a race of people who never knew when they were (*Continued on page 66*)

Helena Rubinstein *says*

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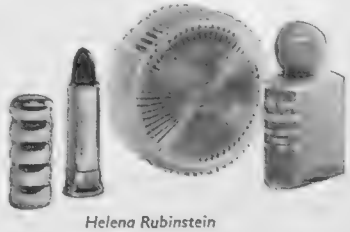
The finishing touches. *Smooth Eye Shadow,* 6s. 9d., *discreetly over upper-lids. Brush your Mascara,* 7s. 6d., *upwards on eye-lashes, outwards on brows.*



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beaten, and wishing it were not so because she felt so guilty, when suddenly she saw the figure of her husband move towards the bonnet from behind the car, and heard his voice saying to her, Oh, so amiably, "Do you want this car started?" Then she saw that he was grinning—but *grinning* at her.

He took the handle from the young man whose head was not inside the bonnet—Bert, to be exact—and said, "She *is* a bit of a so-and-so to start, very decent of you to have tried," and while both young men gaped at him, inserted the handle. The car, recognizing a familiar touch, did more than cough. She started.

The owner of the car opened the door, pushed the handle under the seat, and said, "Move over, old girl!" and then, to the staring young men, "Thanks a lot for trying to help my wife. Very good of you. Afraid you're very wet. Pity it's after closing time, so I can't buy you both a drink. But thanks a lot!" and with that, drove off, leaving the young men looking after him.

And looking after her, too, of course, thinking her crazy.

Silence. The silence of doom. Only the sounds of the windscreen wiper and the engine of the car purring. The kind of silence that comes before a great explosion, and then—coldly, acidly, her voice saying, "You might at least have *tipped* them!"

"One doesn't try to tip Sir Galahad," he answered mildly.

"*What* they must have thought! I mean—if I had a husband to start her for me, why did I ask *them*?" Silence. "They must have thought us *crazy*! I've never been made to look such a fool in my life! You *knew* there wasn't a self-starter, and yet you left me. . . ."

"There isn't a battery for that matter," he said. "It was out of juice, and I had to leave it. The reason I was so long, was that I tried all over the place to hire one. And now, darling," he turned and actually grinned at her, "Do shut up!"

A 'Doubtful Pleasure

If I let this pass, she told herself, he'll think he can always make a fool of me . . . show himself top dog. And then she felt the laughter that bubbled in him, even though he seemed intent upon his driving, and she decided to tell him that she had felt sick twice today and that it *must* be a baby, because, if nothing else would sober him, that would, so she said, "I know now that I *am* going to have a baby!" and she made it sound like another grievance.

"Good!" he said, "I rather thought that *something* must be the matter with you."

"But when I said about a week ago that I was afraid I was going to have one, you looked *frantic*!" she said.

"But that was before old Baynes told me he was making me his senior executive."

"*What?*"

"He didn't tell me until just as we were boarding that museum piece of a steamer. You went and got yourself into a huddle with a lot of women and children in that saloon place, and then, when I came back with the car, you were in such a rage, that I thought I'd keep telling you until later—over a bottle of wine before the theatre, I thought."

"*Darling. . . .*" The clouds that had dimmed her vision suddenly parted, and she saw a long, long way ahead.

"I say, old girl, you really shouldn't go into pubs and drag chaps out of them!"

"They didn't mind a bit. They *liked* helping me!"

"Yes, because they were proper chaps, and any proper chap *would* like helping you!" He looked at her fondly, and she thought what a wonderful story this would be to tell her grandchildren, and imagined herself beginning—"Your Grandfather is the sort of man who never could be defeated. I remember one weekend ages and ages ago. . . ." And she held his left hand very tightly.

END

A Day To Remember (*Continued from page* 32)

Along to Edward Goodyear, court florist, next—to discuss the flower arrangements. Here, her personal choice is made easier with photographs of bouquets to help.

"July is a perfect flower month for your Victorian basket," Mr. Goodyear confirmed.

Looking through the photographs, she lost her heart to a lace-edged posy for her bridesmaids' bouquet.

"How about love-in-a-mist mixed with lilies-of-the valley and pink roses?" Mr. Goodyear suggested. "Blue by itself looks grey in a dim or artificial light. Those flowers could then be repeated in the bridesmaids' headdresses. Remember, bridesmaids have their backs to the congregation most of the time, so their headdresses should be just as attractive from behind.

"In decorating the church, there are certain basic rules. The floral decorations should blend with the architecture. The flowers must be bold enough to hold their own in a vast and possibly dimly lit chancel, yet must in no way detract from the bride.

"There is a wide choice of suitable flowers—gladioli, lupins, iris, peonies and dahlias with stock, scabious, agapanthus and godetia are all excellent. Colours should be chosen to tone, or pleasantly contrast with the dresses of the central figures."

* * * *

The church is decorated, guests have taken their places. The moment of her entry has arrived. Music swells as the congregation stirs, but what music?

She asked Christopher Morris, organist at St. George's, Hanover Square, scene of many fashionable weddings, to advise. "Actually at this church, the bride is met at the door by choirboys who precede her down the aisle singing a hymn. 'Ye watchers and ye holy ones' with its chorus of Alleluyas makes the procession very impressive.

"One of my favourite hymns for a wedding is 'Happy are they, they that love God,' by Dr. Croft. It strikes a glad note," he says. "Then after the Benediction, I like to hear the choir, unaccompanied, singing 'May the grace of Christ our Saviour.'

"While the bride and groom are in the vestry I would say Purcell's 'Rejoice in the Lord alway.' It is known as the Bell Anthem, for its opening passages are like peals of bells—particularly appropriate! Mendelssohn's Wedding March is almost indispensable, but if you want a change, 'Marche Triomphale' by Karg-Elert."

In search of advice about the wedding pictures she went to Baron, famous photographer of royalty and ballet.

"You must remember that while your wedding is a very special occasion for you, to the photographer it is possibly just another job in a humdrum routine," he reminded her. "It might be a good idea to have an additional photographer who does not specialize in weddings. While the more formal studies are being taken, he could capture the unrehearsed moments."

At the reception the toast to the bride must, of course, be in champagne. Her father—discriminating man—has run to earth some Moët & Chandon's Coronation Cuvée. A sovereign nectar indeed! And to dance attendance on it she will have "Dry Imperial," the same firm's 1947 vintage.

"Make sure you buy from a reputable wine-merchant and, if storing before use, keep it lying down," the London agent of Count Paul Chandon-Moët cautioned her. "Standing, the wine level falls, drying the cork, which shrinks and allows the mousse, or sparkle, to escape. The ideal glass is hollow-stemmed, with the surface at the bottom roughed by a diamond. This works on the mousse and sends the bubbles dancing upwards." For sure extra-quality non-vintage champagne for "make-up," Saccone and Speed recommended a Duroy at 23s. 6d.

She started to worry about the bridesmaids' presents—but Robert Morley had the solution. "Only decent present I can think of for a bridegroom to give a bridesmaid is a husband!"

END

The Island (*Continued from page 37*)

day, he had taken Nora across to see the island in the estuary and had told her that he meant to buy it. The farmhouse had appeared to be cosy.

Wilf's old batman William could have the lone cottage, and between them the three could run the place. Here Wilf would not have to prime himself with spirits to summon the nerve to meet others. Maybe they could effect the cure for him in these surroundings.

At that time both of them had looked upon the island as an oasis in the desert of unhappy marriage. With television and the radio it would not be lonely.

But in the two years Nora had discovered that it was worse than lonely.

On the island Wilf had deteriorated. The pretext that he drank only to fortify his shy self so that he could meet others, had been merely an excuse.

She saw him watching her return and standing at the water's edge, where the bleached grasses shuddered like string tassels in the wind. His hands were stuck into his breeches pockets, the cord breeches that he had worn for four days and nights now; dirty gum boots, too!

Nora pushed back her own red hair; she hated to see him looking like this, just the scarecrow to which drink had levelled him. She tried to tell herself that she, too, was careless; the old blue cabled jersey, the red scarf knotted at the throat, and the corduroy trousers. Perhaps she also was to blame.

William was no help to Wilf. William got cases of the stuff across to the island. He spoke of it merrily as "the needful," bloodshot eyes glittering.

Now Nora knew that the island had pretended to them that tawny September day when she had seen it for the first time, and it had posed as an oasis. It was not an oasis. It was a quicksand dragging them both into the filthy mud of a nameless grave.

The cart clopped through the water, which was rising rapidly. It smelt of salt and sea wrack. She could see the causeway ahead rising out of the sea, and climbing on to the shore of the island itself. The water washed high and the gulls were still screeching as if apprehensive. Robin drew the cart out of the water and up the shingle bank. Wilf did not move.

He still stood watching them and leaning against a tarred telephone pole as though he needed its support. The wind was disturbing the hair that he had not brushed for several days, and which was dry as the sedges that fringed the runnels at low tide.

"I've got the ram," she said, "you and William'll have to get him out. I can't do that. He's tough."

William came to the cart, a little man. His old army trousers were hideously stained, and his shirt was torn, the collarless neckband spiked to with a greened brass stud. Wilf and he moved to the back of the cart, whilst the ram stared through the rope net, glaring at them with resentful eyes. He had the strength of both men, and whilst they smelt strongly of raw spirits, the ram smelt of grass, the wild, and of thick, greasy sheep's wool. The men worked with the ram, the fighting and butting, but held by the net as they dragged him away to the byre.

Nora went into the living-room of the farmhouse, and looking out of the window saw the sudden tide coming in far more quickly. She thought of Ben Jeeves with his dark eyes that read her feelings. She wondered why he had never married. He would be nearly thirty, she supposed. She wondered if he ever rolled into bed at night, pulling a sheet over breeches and gumboots, and not caring.

All men were traitors to love. She had learnt to despise the sex, even men like Jeeves who spent their lives saving others from the sea. He's a good man, the locals said, and folks trust him. There's no such thing as a good man, she thought, but she remembered his eyes, the quiet, compelling voice, and the sense of security about him.

The autumn evening was darkening early, the wind howling in the trees at the corner of the garden. Once she had intended to plant lovely flowers there, but she had lost heart, for the flower garden was no more use to her now than was the oasis island. Both had resisted her presence. This was one long fight between herself and the island. Herself, Wilf and the island. The tide swelled vigorously in the runnels, and the mud flats between faded into rippled obliteration.

Wilf came unsteadily into the sitting-room. He's drunk, she thought, but trying to act sober.

"Rough weather," he said, his voice thick as a barn door on wheezing hinges.

"Yes, it's rough weather."

The banks of muddy honeycomb were fast filling. The broken stumps of salt-rotted defences looked glowering, and the rivers of incoming tide were rapidly widening. She watched Wilf as he stumbled against the sideboard, then poured himself out a drink.

She could not stop herself from saying, "You shouldn't have more. You don't need it."

In a husky voice he muttered unspeakable words. Louder he said: "By God, I need it. There's nothing else to do here. Nothing ever happens. It never will." Defiantly he jerked a tattered elbow across the tray of glasses and they crashed to the floor, shivering down in a crystal shower. At that very moment the wind shrieked like a banshee laughing.

Nora stared at the broken pieces. He was right, nothing would ever happen; what was worse was that she was tied to him for ever; for the loyal there is no escape. Once he had been attractive and good-looking; now his skin was patchily bloated, his eyes had shrunk, his hair thinning, coarsely yellowed by the summer sun and unbrushed so that it fell in ugly prongs on his brow.

"You unharnessed Robin?" she asked. (*Continued on page 68*)

Don't forget the St. Ivel Mum

Obviously this young man has already tasted St. Ivel and wants some more, which is not surprising, 'Like father like son'. St. Ivel is truly delicious—It combines the consistency of a cream cheese with the flavour and delicacy of a choice cheddar. Isn't it nice to know that St. Ivel is more freely available and that you can now ask for it and GET it!

IN PACKETS AT 10½D

FRESH UP FROM SOMERSET

"No. What the hell do you think I keep a wife for?"

After a moment she said, "I'll do it," and blundered out of the room, picking her way through icicles of broken glass, into the hall, and through the garden to the yard.

In the distance she heard the sound as of far thunder and knew that it was the rolling of a great tide. When she had done, she came out through the mulch of the yard again to find that there were specks of rain in the air, very cold and sharp.

Across the causeway she could see the mainland with the farmsteads flanked by ricks tied fast under green waterproofs. Stunted sloes and thorns were blue smudges, whilst to hand a tamarisk shivered darkly. Brambles straggled defiantly across the very ground where once she had hoped to plant a garden, but hope had died. Two years on the island had been too long, with no reprieve, and now she did not care what lay ahead of her. She thought of Ben Jeeves on the mainland, and a disturbing nostalgia went through her. But it was no use thinking, for in her life all the happy dreams were dead.

Wilf was still drinking. William had come in to join him, his boots stinking of pig dung, and both of their faces were glazed, whilst their eyes were bloodshot. She thought of Ben Jeeves's eyes, with clear whites and that penetrating look in them.

"I'll take my supper upstairs," she said.

SHE cut herself off a round of bread and some ham, carrying the plate upstairs to her own room. It had the proportions of a beautiful room, but was spoilt by hideous furniture. Wilf, cornered by the insistence of wine bills, had refused to pay much, and necessities had had to be bought secondhand. The carpet was a thin drugget, pirouetting when the wind came under the door.

Nora hated the japanned coal scuttle, with flaunting yellow daffodils painted crudely on its lid. She disliked the tallboy, the mid-Victorian wardrobe, and the dressing-table on which she lit two candles stuck in metal holders. She sat down on the voluminous bed, with a secondhand mattress that she had always detested. The place was indifferently kept up because she was always tired; there was so much to do, and enthusiasm had lost its urge in the collapse of love.

She sat on the edge of the bed, and began to eat the bread and ham with her fingers, for she had forgotten knife and fork and would not return for them, hating the thought of facing the two men again. What lay ahead of them all? Herself, Robin and the ram? Wilf and William? She believed that she no longer cared. Once she had thought that she would brace up her courage and run away, but that had passed, so that now the time had come when she just went on waiting for something to happen, praying for something to happen, but nothing did; nothing would. Opportunities were past. All dreams were dead, and the road of life was long and cruel.

She ate mechanically, disliking the taste of the food, wondering how drunk the two men were. She ought never to have sanctioned William coming into service with them, for he backed Wilf against her. It is easy to recognize mistakes too late. William hid the stuff away, and she had no idea how much of "the needful" was on the island. She would never know. They plotted together, and she realized that the motor cruiser was stacked with bottles, bundled into it, all anyhow. She had discovered it with horror, and had backed from it, pretending that she did not know about it. In the island it was no use discovering.

The island possessed Wilf so much that he did not realize that once his wife had loved him. That, too, was over.

She pushed the food away from her, for the smell of it made her worse, and she knew that she could not continue to eat it. She crawled into the bed, trying to get warm, and to sleep a little until the high tide came and passed. Oh God, this is so awful! she thought. Then she remembered Ben Jeeves again, with his clear skin and eyes (they had said everything but nothing), the man who stayed sober, who saved other lives and did a fine job of work. The man who spelt security.

When she woke it was darkish, and the candles she had lit guttered on her table, for the electric light had gone out. She heard a faint sound, almost as though someone laughed a little. It was a new sound for the island, and not *of* the island, but brought to it. She got up and went to the window, staring out. The water was up to high tide mark, with yet another hour to go. It rolled in faster still, the runnels becoming a mighty sea, the sheds already under water. She thought of Robin and the new ram, and her heart jerked frantically. She thought of Wilf and William in the room below. What had happened to them? Her eyes, accustoming themselves to the gloom, saw what had happened.

The men had gone to the motor cruiser and had clumsily launched her in a turbulent sea coming in with the swelling tide. The boat chugged raucously, and it was that noise, mixing with the rising water, which, striking an alien note, had awakened Nora. She stared at the boat, her mouth dry with horror. She forgot the ram, Robin, and the flood tide, in a sudden stark realization that she had been deserted. The motor cruiser heeled over, laden with "the needful" that was so badly stowed. She knew that the men must be drunk, and so were incapable of managing the boat in this sea.

A gust of wind sped over the marshes, shrieking derisively. A wave greater than the others roared over from the causeway and caught the boat amidships, and she quivered like an epileptic. There was a gulching noise, then she reeled. "If she does that again she'll be over," thought Nora, and in her terror she screamed to them as she clung to the sill. The cruiser, white as a ghost against the darkness of night, moved in an ungainly palsy. The wind was delighted to see her dance so grotesquely. At that moment Nora knew that her own plight was as nothing compared to theirs. She hid her eyes, and heard the shattering of a window blown in at the side of the house. It crashed into a thousand splinters, and made the sound of the wind noisier than before. The cruiser had overturned, unwieldy with her contraband cargo, and she looked like some fanciful spirit whale tossed on the face of the turbulent waters. She gave a strange new outline of keel upended, heaved, then disappeared.

NORA thrust her wet hair out of her eyes. Her mouth stiffened, and she did not know how long she stood staring, then she heard a gurgling sound. Looking furtively across her shoulder she saw a little ripple of water creeping under the door. It increased, it rolled buoyantly as though pleased to find a new province. The hideous japanned coal scuttle rocked in the forerunner of the trespassing tide. It became a Negro dancer lumbering through an ungainly *pas seul*. It gyrated, and Nora—mesmerized by it—watched as the water cunningly deepened, the scuttle rising like some malignant pirate ship to sail across the room. At her!

Her scream brought her to.

She waded out to the landing where the telephone was, unable to understand why she had not thought of it before. It would be death if the lines were down—and they might be—but she could not delay. The island was submerged, the cruiser destroyed; the house, too, would go, for it was another half hour to high water, by then it would be past her waist. A trail of gleaming weed floated in through the window that had blown out, as she dialled the mainland, waiting with sweat on her face even though she was ice-cold. Her hair had gone clammy. it was now a cap on her head, no more. She waited knowing that her personal hope of life rested on the sound of a voice from the other end. It came.

"Hallo?"

"I'm speaking from the island. It's Mrs. Robertson. The house is flooded, my husband and man are drowned. I need help," and she began to sob, making a raw, hoarse sound almost like a rattle. The death rattle, she thought.

The voice on the mainland was calm. "We have seen from the shore and a boat is on its way. They left twenty minutes ago. They're coming. Don't give up hope."

She jerked. "I'm frightened. . . ."

"They'll get to you. It's their job. They. . . ." There was a metallic click and the line was dead.

She was alone. The island was flooded, for the estuary was taking the highest tide she had ever known, and she believed that none could get to her in time to save her. She thought of the ram, of Robin, and of the men, hardly of herself at all. The water was rising intolerably cold, and still the scuttle sailed round the room, jolting the furniture as though this was something that it had always desired to do. Ricocheting back again; banging; a diabolical object delighting in the tragedy.

She pulled on a warm sweater, but nothing could warm her. The water had risen far more rapidly than she would have believed possible, and the smell of it was brackish and vile, a stink of decay. Any larger wave coming in would catch the house and crumble it, it would sink down into the water as the cruiser had done, and she knew that she did not want to live.

HER eye marked the pink medallioned wallpaper, where the rising tide marked how its vicious flood was betraying her. Soon the water would reach the fourth medallion. She reckoned that the house would collapse then, for it was creaking badly enough now. It gulped, it belched. It groaned. The scuttle rolled round the room, gleefully banging against the furniture.

She said the Lord's Prayer twice, then opened her eyes again. The fourth medallion was still unreached. She looked at it unable to believe it; could it be that the water had slackened? The wind shrieked like a drunken bawd, the barn had collapsed in the last few moments, but the medallion was still unreached. It seemed that there was a mark of water, a long, ugly stain patchy above the tide. She thought that she must be deceiving herself, for she had no idea of the time, and felt that terror had persuaded her that the tide was going down.

Was it imagination, too, that she heard the sound of a motor? A vigorous light beamed in at the window, and she heard men's voices. The scuttle rocked against the tallboy, mocking her.

An oar broke the window of the room; she stared helplessly, then on the word of command waded awkwardly to the gap. The wind catching the spray drenched her as she got there. She felt suddenly that consciousness was going from her, that everything was blurring, and that the only reality was the scuttle butting and barging. A rope came in and curled about her waist. At that moment it seemed that she fell into the dark chasm of death, far colder than before, and the darkness held her.

When she could think again she was wrapped in hot blankets at the bottom of a boat, whilst the smell of the flood tide had gone. The wind still shrieked, but the taste of wrack was no more part of her, and the only sound was the throb of the engine in the boat. Her mouth stung with brandy.

Ben Jeeves bent over her. His eyes were tender, peering under the stocking cap. "You're all right, Nora."

She stared up out of the duskiness. She could trust him. That was the thing that mattered. She had always known in her heart that he was wonderful.

"Yes, I'm all right now," she whispered huskily. "I . . . I'm quite all right."

END

Embroidery For Beginners

(*Continued from page 20*)

permanent. This is done by painting a fine water-colour line in the colour of the pounce over the chalk, dusting off the surplus powder when dry.

Now work can begin. An unending field of techniques and subjects lies ahead of the ambitious needlewoman and as experience widens, there is great joy in applying one's own individual touch to a subject.

END

The Art Of Being A Grandmother

(*Continued from page* 39)

married, and a third, as the Latin grammars say, about-to-be; I have every confident hope of being a grandmother many times over. And—to quote the song-hit which deservedly became a theme-song a short time ago—"I Couldn't Be Loving It More . . ."

Think, for a few moments, what it can mean, if you bring love and common sense to The Art Of Being A Grandmother? A warm-hearted and intelligent small child is not only a delight to the heart—and usually to the eyes—but can be the most enchanting good companion. I can be exasperated by my adorable grandsons, but I've had five years of them to date and I've never yet been bored . . . which is more than I can say of a good many adult relationships.

. . . I have no more desire than the next woman, to be Grannie. My grandsons call me by the easy diminutive of my Christian name which is used by all my friends and relatives, and occasionally call me by their own endearing version ("I've put your plate *here*, because I want my Kit to sit next to me . . ."). Their enlivening and spirited conversation takes for granted that we are much of the same age. Our correspondence is brisk: letters from me on special notepaper and hieroglyphics from them on whatever papyrus comes handy, are punctually exchanged. ("Kitty, if I write a letter to you, will you Write Back? I wrote one to Uncle Mike, and he didn't." "Well, darling, Uncle Mike was just getting married—" "Well, he still could have . . .".)

We share other writing as well. I have often worked (and by choice) with a fellow scribe either wedged beside me or established in my lap, covering sheets of paper at speed and occasionally covering my MSS. . . .

When I was ill, two treasured toy cars were sent me: "If Kitty's in bed I expect she'd better have some toys?" They are now proud ornaments on my study mantelpiece.

On Christmas Eve, in a small house brimming over with family party, I slept in the drawing-room where the Christmas Crib stood on a bookshelf. "I've stood the Angel outside so's you won't be lonely, but I've told him, not a *word* out of him, so's you can go to sleep. I've told the Ox, too."

Love, and *respect*, seem to me the important tools for The Art Of Being A Grandmother. Respect for the beloved one's personality and individual tastes and rights. Beginning with that same respect for the parents of the precious people who are one's grandchildren. The pattern of this particular art is a delicate one, interwoven, blending; you cannot be a successful grandmother if you are at uneasy cross-purposes in your rôle of mother or mother-in-law. . . .

Once more, bear, if you will, with a personal word? I am fortunate in having an array of lovely and lovable daughters-in-law; affection presented no problem. But love is not enough. There must be respect for their parental (and wifely) authority, methods, discipline, etc., whether you agree with every detail or not. Your grand-treasures are their children, first, last, and all the time. It is their house and home where you are—if you have the common sense to behave suitably!—a welcome member.

Then, respect for the developing characteristics of the small people whom you so dearly love. One of my little grandsons is undemonstrative in a warmly affectionate circle; I never offer to kiss him nor meet him, on arrival with enveloping hugs. His younger brother is vigorously, even vehemently, independent. I've learned—not without difficulty, and against the grain—to request this four-year-old to take my hand as we cross a busy road, explaining that it is for my comfort, not for his safety.

Works of art are treasures for public and general enjoyment. I think we shall all agree that we are particularly fortunate in that The Art Of Being A Grandmother is shown, embodied, and I would like to say, enshrined, before our eyes, in the person of the radiant lady who is Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. *Grace rests upon her doorposts* was once painted on an ancient Chinese scroll in tribute to a Chinese princess of centuries ago; I never see the Queen Mother with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, without remembering it. The happiness, the understanding, and the serene wisdom, of that relationship are as visible as sunlight.

And there come to mind the written words of that other great, honoured, and well-beloved lady, Queen Mary. Who signed her first letter to our young Queen, "*Your loving grandmother and subject* . . ." There, in a single royal phrase, you have the heart of the matter: to love, is to serve.

END

Places And Purse Strings

(*Continued from page* 41)

The *Trattorie*, found all over the town, are the least expensive restaurants. Specially recommended: Re Degli Amici, the Pizzeria Parma.

. . . COPENHAGEN

Good Buys: native handicrafts, hand-wrought silver, porcelain, ceramics, embroidery, and inexpensive, beautifully designed glass.

Den Permanente, in the Vesterport, for handwork. Try Clara Waever, 42 Østergade, for embroidery, laces and linens, and Kay Bojesen, 47 Bredgade, for attractive children's toys.

In Denmark you eat well and take a long time doing it. If you have the stamina and are prepared to pay go to Det gylnde Lam, 51 Nyhavn, for Danish specialities and wonderful curries. Less costly but good, is Coq d'Or, 13 Vestreboulevard. The most famous eaterie is Oskar Davidsen's, 56 Aboulevard.

Ardena
Invisible Veil

Elizabeth Arden brings you from France a sensational new discovery in powder!

Once you try this wonderful new powder you will never be without it. Created in France by a special process, it is incredibly fine, goes on with a soft mat finish, without flying or misting, covers shadows and pores. Invisible Veil imparts a clear luminous look of indefinable charm to every skin.

Invisible Veil is presented in creamy solid form in an elegant compact, inspired by a Napoleonic patch box; also in loose powder in an exquisite flowered box. In a range of perfectly graduated shades. Compact 12/9 Box 22/6

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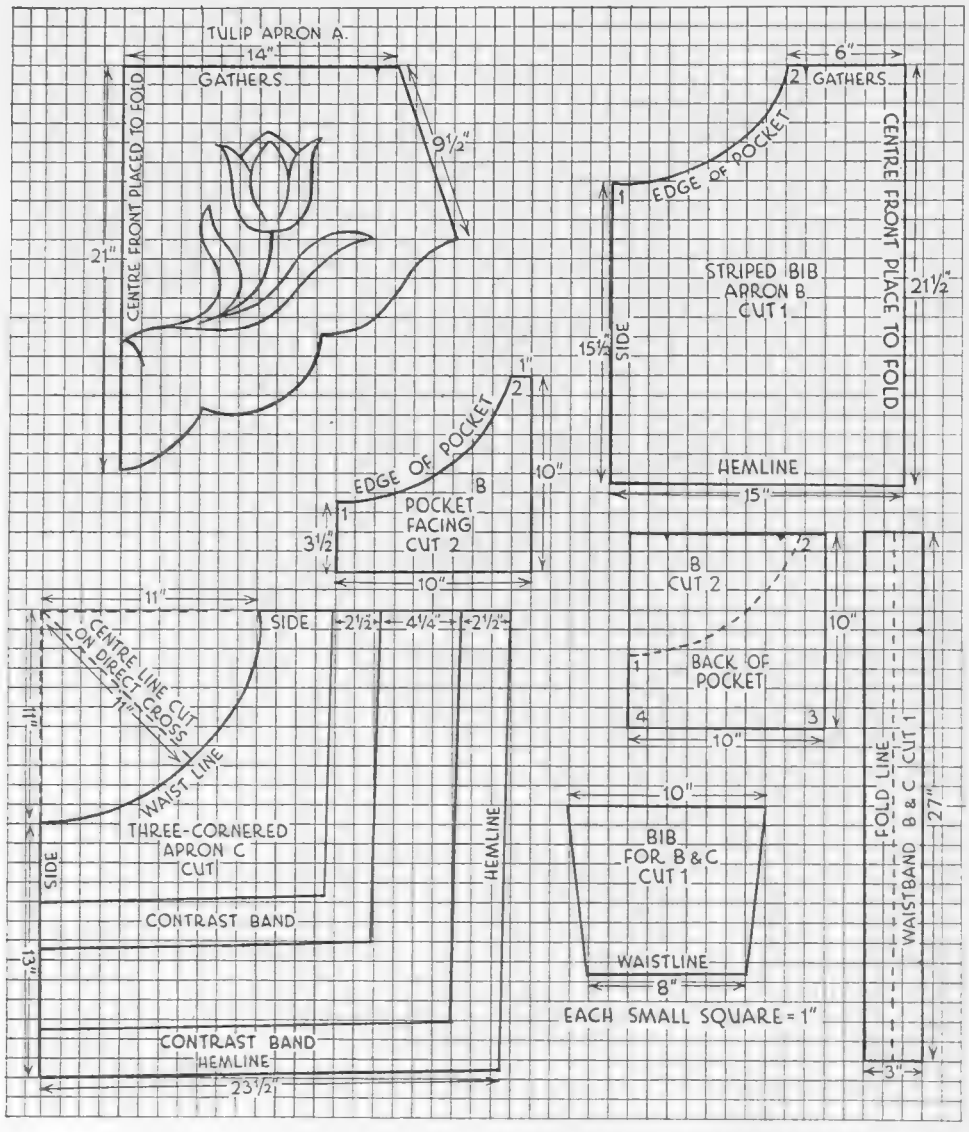
Pinafores . . . (*Continued from page 21*)



TULIP APRON

Materials.—¾ yd. plain material of your choice (cotton, linen, taffeta, rayon, organdie or muslin). A square 12 ins. by 12 ins., red and white check gingham or taffeta; ¼ yd. plain green material; 1½ yd. red bias; 1½ yd. green bias; 1 skein green embroidery silk; 1 skein black embroidery silk. Make a paper patt. from diagram A and cut out.

Make a narrow hem down each side and stitch. Bind the scallops with the green bias binding; stitch the red bias binding 1½ in. above this, following the same outline.

Cut the stems and leaves from the green material, tack and appliqué into position by blanket stitch. Cut tulip flowers from gingham. Outline petals in stem stitch, using black silk. Appliqué to the apron.

Make two rows of gathers across the top and pull up to 14 ins. Cut a waistband 3½ in. by 40 in. and stitch to the top of the apron, matching centres.

THREE-CORNERED APRON

Materials.—¾ yd. 36-in. material (rayon, cotton, linen, taffeta, organdie); 2½ yd. contrast ribbon, 2½ ins. wide; or ⅜ yd. 36-in. wide contrast material; 3½ yd. ric-rac braid.

When cutting out, note that this apron is cut on the cross. Place the paper patt. you make from diagram C on the material, 11 in. down each side from one corner, as diagram for patt., so that straight of material runs down the centre of the apron. The two contrast bands are cut as marked on the diagram. They can be cut into a single vee-shaped piece, or two straight pieces of material can be joined and mitred at the centre front to form the shape required, or bands of ribbon can be used.

Make narrow turning on each side of bands and on the right side of apron hemline. Stitch on bands. The lower one neatens the hemline.

Narrowly hem each side of the apron. Make up the bib and waistband and attach as for B. For halter-neck strap, cut a piece of material, 24 in. by 2½ in., and make up as for apron B. Sew the straps to each side of the bib, adjust to fit neck. Sew the braid along the edges of the contrast bands.

STRIPED BIB APRON

Materials.—1 yd. 36-in. striped rayon, cotton or linen; ⅝ yd. 36-in. plain rayon, cotton or linen; 3 small buttons.

Cut out five pieces of patt. B in paper, following diagrams. Cut apron front, pocket facing and waistband in plain material; back of pocket and bib in striped contrast.

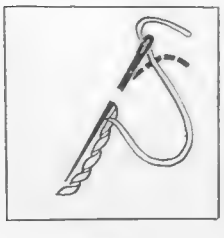
Place the pocket facings on the wrong side of apron and tack the curved edges together between 1 and 2. Neaten this edge with a bias strip cut from the striped material. Cut a band from the striped material 2½ ins. in depth, to fit across the hemline and stitch across the bottom of the apron.

Lay the apron on the table, wrong side uppermost and tack the back of the pocket on to the pocket facing, along the straight edges 1, 4, 3, 2 and stitch. The curved edge should match the dotted line on diagram. Hem the sides of the apron. Gather between the notches on the front of the apron and back of the pocket.

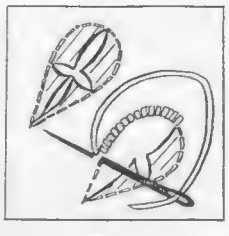
Hem the bib, excluding the waist edge. Pull up the centre gathers on apron skirt to fit the lower edge of the bib and tack the bib to the centre of the apron between the pockets, right sides together. Lay one long side of the waistband over this, sandwiching the bib between. Pull up the other two sets of gathers slightly. Stitch the band to the top of the apron, matching notches to side edges. Fold the band in half and slipstitch the other edge over the machine stitches. Fasten at the back with a button and buttonhole.

Cut two shoulder straps, 24 in. x 2½ in. Fold and stitch down the long side. Turn, neaten ends and sew to the top of the bib. Work a buttonhole at the other end. Cross the straps at the back and sew the buttons on to the waistband to correspond. Embroider motif to the centre of apron.

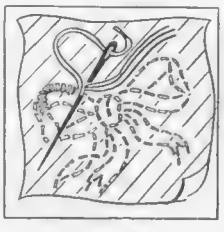
END



Dia. 3

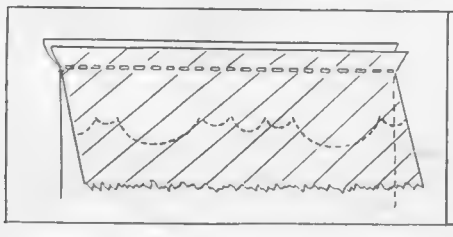


Dia. 4

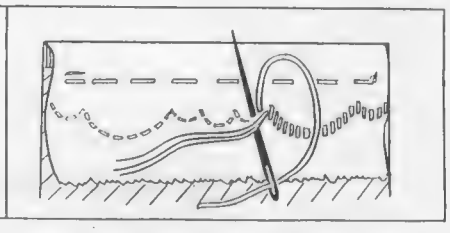


Dia. 5

Dia. 3. Stem stitch for outlining and as first step in whipped stem stitch. **Dia. 4.** Outline eyelets in running stitch, make two cuts in material, turn and oversew. **Dia. 5.** Motif outlined in running stitch first then worked over in trailing stitch



Dia. 6. First stage of scalloped sheet edging. Edging is tacked and stitched to sheet edge, scallops traced on to the right side of edging material



Dia. 7. Second stage of scalloped edging. Edging turned as for a facing and tacked. Outline scallops in running stitch then work in trailing stitch

Apply Your Own Colour

(*Continued from page 23*)

than necessary). Then cut a strip of the coloured linen 6 in. broad and as long as the width of the sheet, plus ½-in. turnings. Trace a scalloped line on to this strip ½ in. from one edge. Now place the strip, scalloped edge downwards, to the wrong side of the sheet. Stitch, turn over like a facing and press (diagram 6). Tack down as shown in diagram 7. Outline the scalloped line with running stitches. Then work trailing stitch along this line. Trailing stitch means simply oversewing *very closely* three or more strands which are held in position along the line as you work. Take up as little material as possible with the needle, as a large stitch will flatten the raised "cord" effect. Yet care must be taken

to catch both layers of material—the sheet and the edging—firmly together. Finally, cut away the excess fabric closely against the stitching.

Transfer the motif you are to work on to a square of the coloured linen and tack on to the sheet or pillow case in the position shown in the illustration. It is most important that the thread of the applied material and the thread of the sheet should run parallel, so it is best to decide on the angle of the design before cutting the square.

To transfer the design on to the material, it is best to follow the method explained on page 20. Alternatively trace off the motif using carbon paper and a sharp H pencil.

Outline the motif in running stitch. Then work trailing stitch over the outline (see Diagram 5). Finally cut away the material close to the stitching. To avoid cutting the sheet when you are removing narrow spaces between the leaves or ribbon, insert two crossed pins to keep the two thicknesses of material apart.

The ribbon motif is worked completely in appliqué. The leaf motif is, however, a combination of appliqué and embroidery stitches. Trace off and appliqué the solid pink leaves and cut away the excess material as already described. Then trace off on to the sheet the stems and fern-like leaves. These can be outlined in stem stitch (see diagram 3). Or the little leaves can be worked as eyelets, as in the pillowcase illustrated.

To work eyelets, follow the outline with running stitches. Then make two cross cuts in the material, turn neatly under and oversew closely and firmly. (See diagram 4.)

END

Initial It Yourself

(*Continued from page 25*)

them. Then lay threads lengthwise again. The final row of stitching is always worked over the padding in the shortest direction, making the fourth and final layer of stitching. The final stitching can either be worked at right angles to the outline (as in the Old English capital A in the illustration on page 24) or slantwise (as in the cursive A and E in the illustration on page 24).

Although simple in theory, satin stitch requires much practice and skill to achieve perfection because close and even stitching is essential. Many amateur needlewomen who have attempted it and been disappointed with the results will know that. But there are other stitches which either alone or combined with satin stitch can produce a most attractive effect and are less exacting to work.

The first is outlining with whipped stem stitch. This is most effective if worked in two colours. First work stem stitch (as in diagram 3) with two strands of stranded cotton. Then, using two threads of a different colour, whip through each stitch, taking up the stitches without passing through the material. (See diagram 2 on page 24.) This whipping should be done with a blunt tapestry needle or with the eye of the crewel needle to avoid splitting the thread.

Monograms worked in this way can simply be outlined (as in the letter P at the top left hand of page 24) or filled in with seeding. The B and the M on page 25 are both worked in this way. Use one thread of stranded cotton for seeding, and take one small stitch on top of another, to make the stitch as broad as it is long (see diagram 1 on page 24). Scatter the double stitches quite irregularly until the space is closely filled. Press embroidery on the wrong side into a thick blanket using a damp cloth.

END

Beauty In Your Hands

(*Continued from page 53*)

from anything else, soap lathers more generously and does its work more thoroughly in soft water and a super fatted soap is still one of the most comprehensive treatments for badly soiled hands. Float out the dirt with a good fatted soap which lubricates and cleanses. Imperial Leather soap comes into this class.

This is the season when fruit and vegetable stains are a menace to hand grooming. There is a cream which removes the worst stains from the fingers. Another preparation removes nicotine stains. But apart from discoloration, most of the universal hand troubles come down to one or other of the dry skin conditions which can be corrected by protection during the day and nourishing with a rich hand cream at night. Bad nail conditions, however, often present a more obstinate and difficult problem.

Splitting and flaking nails were in the past often put down to diet deficiencies, but some experts now say that fewer poor nail conditions are due to lack of calcium and vitamins, than to the effects of knocks, the drying effects of detergents and the use of strong acetone varnish removers. Protection in the form of rubber gloves and barrier creams will in part safeguard the nails. In addition a course of calcium and vitamins may help, though results will at best not show for some months, until in fact, the new nail has had time to grow. Local applications of a nail building preparation will encourage stronger growth. Steiner's Sebosyn better known as a hair conditioner, is an excellent corrective for breaking nails.

Don't forego the pleasure of wearing lacquer even if the nails are not in perfect condition. Lacquer is harmless in itself, so long as it is not removed with harsh acetone. There is a combined varnish remover and nail conditioning cream which is not only easy and convenient to use, but helps to strengthen the nails at the same time. When hands are in less than perfect condition, the softer pink lacquers, such as Pretty Gay, a new colour by Cutex, are more flattering than the dark, exotic shades.

END

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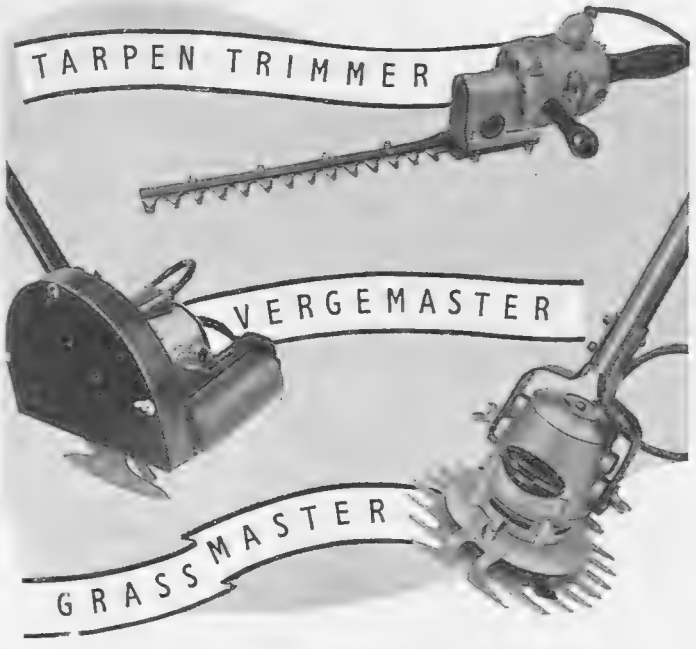

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Knit One, Crochet One (Continued from page 42)

THE JACKET (continued)

THE RIGHT FRONT

Work as for the left front from ** to **.

Work 6 rows.

Make buttonhole in the next 2 rows as follows:

Next row.—K. 3, cast off 4, k. to end.

In the next row, cast on sts. over those cast off on preceding row.

Now complete exactly as for the left front.

THE BACK

With No. 6 needles cast on 60 sts.

Work in g.st. Work 32 rows.

Next row.—K. 1, * k. twice into the next st., k. 2; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. twice into the next st., k. 1 (80 sts.).

Continue in g.st.

Work until back measures the same as the fronts up to the commencement of the sleeve shaping.

Commence Sleeves.—Cast on at the beg. of next and following rows, 1 st. 10 times, and 12 sts. 10 times.

Work straight until sleeve edges measure the same as those of fronts.

Shape Top Sleeves and Shoulders.—Cast off at the beg. of next and following rows, 9 sts. 20 times, 3 sts. twice, and 1 st. 4 times.

Cast off the remaining 20 sts. for back of neck.

THE COLLAR

With No. 6 needles cast on 40 sts.

Work in g.st.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 70 sts.

Next row.—K. twice into the 1st st., k. 14, (k. twice into the next st., k. 1) 20 times, k. to the last st., k. twice into the last st. (92 sts.).

Continue to inc. 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 122 sts.

Next row.—K. twice into the 1st st., k. 30, (k. twice into the next st., k. 1) 30 times, k. to the last st., k. twice into the last st. (154 sts.).

Now continue to inc. 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 170 sts., and then 1 st. at each end of every alternate row until there are 192 sts.

Work 1 row.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece separately with hot iron and damp cloth. Backstitch side, shoulder and sleeve seams, reversing the seam for 3 ins. from sleeve edges for cuff.

Sew shaped edge of collar to body.

Face bottom edges of jacket with bias binding on the wrong side. Face cuff edges with bias binding on the right side, turn back 3 ins. and tack in position.

Cut a length of bias binding 15 ins. long and sew across back from seam to seam at the inc. row.

Buttonhole st. round buttonhole.

Knit a square of fabric in g.st. and cover button mould. Sew on button, strengthening it on the wrong side with bias binding.

Press seams.

END

THE SWEATER (continued)

groups, inc. 2 sts. either end of every 6th row until there are 40 (44) groups. Work 5 rows straight. Break wool and fasten off.

Shape Armholes.—Rejoin wool to 5th st. and work 36 (40) groups, turn and work back in patt. Break off wool.

Rejoin to 3rd st. and work 34 (38) groups, turn and work back in patt.

Continue straight for 4 rows, then inc. at each end of next row as for 10th row, then work 7 rows straight. Inc. at each end of next row, then work 8 rows straight. Break off wool.

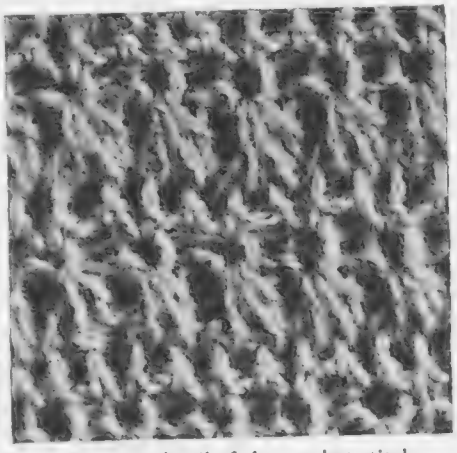
Shape Shoulders and Neck. Next 2 rows.—Rejoin wool to 3rd st. from sleeve edge and work 14 (16) groups, turn and work back. Fasten off.

Next 2 rows.—Rejoin wool to 3rd (5th) st. from sleeve edge and work 12 (13) groups, turn and work back. Fasten off.

Next 2 rows.—Rejoin wool to 5th (7th) st. from sleeve edge and work 9 groups, turn and work back. Fasten off.

Next 2 rows.—Rejoin wool to 9th st. from sleeve edge and work 5 groups, turn and work back. Fasten off.

For the right side, rejoin wool to 16th st. at centre front, from left side, and work



Close-up detail of the crochet stitch

14 (16) groups, turn and work back. Fasten off.

Next 2 rows.—Rejoin to 3rd st. and work 12 (13) groups, turn and work back. Fasten off.

Next 2 rows.—Rejoin to 3rd st. and work 9 groups, turn and work back, do not fasten off.

Next row.—Patt. to end. Fasten off.

THE BACK

Work as for front until armhole dec. is complete; continue straight for 4 rows, then inc. at each end of next row as for 10th row. Work 2 rows straight. 36 (40) groups.

Divide for Back Opening. Next row.—Work 18 (20) groups, turn.

Work on these groups for 4 more rows, then inc. at side edge as before, then continue straight for 8 more rows. Break off wool.

Shape Shoulder. Next 2 rows.—Rejoin wool to 3rd st., work in patt. to end, turn and patt. back.

Next 2 rows.—Rejoin to 3rd (5th) st., work in patt. to end, turn and patt. back.

Next 2 rows.—Rejoin wool to 5th (7th) st. in patt. to end, turn and patt. back.

Next 2 rows.—Rejoin wool to 9th st., work in patt. to end, turn and patt. back. Fasten off.

Rejoin wool to base of last st. of right back at opening, then pick up the last loop of same group and continue in patt. to end 18 (20) groups.

Work this side to match.

On each edge of back opening work a row of d.c. into the row ends to make a firm, even edge.

TO MAKE UP

Sew together shoulders, turning "points" of decreasings back. Sew side seams, leaving 7 ins. opening at bottom of left seam for zip. Sew in zip.

Turn back "points" of dec. on armhole and neck edges, and lightly sew points down on wrong side of garment.

Now work the sleeve bands.

Using *double* wool beg. at underarm seam.

1st row.—Work 1 d.c. all round, turning at end of round.

2nd row.—Sl.st. along 2 d.c., in d.c., to end of row, turning at 3 d.c. from end of row.

3rd row.—As 2nd.

Sew up shaped ends, crossing them to form a mitred corner. Neaten in all ends.

Then with *double* wool work 5 rows of d.c. round neck edge and fasten off.

Sew on buttons down back opening and work ch. loops to correspond. Press with hot iron over damp cloth. For a lighter weight jersey substitute W. G. Lace Weight and Tinsel Yarn. You will need eight ½ oz. balls and a crochet hook size 12 instead of 14, to obtain the correct tension of 1 group to each ½ in.

END

Fill Your Room With Fragrance

(Continued from page 56)

addition to the petals, ½ lb. of good old brown sugar, ½ lb. of bay salt and ¼ lb. of Gum-Benjamin (now called Gum-Bensoin). They usually added some shredded orris-root which is, of course, the iris florentina. Having mixed all the ingredients together, they are put into an earthenware jar and sprinkled with just a little sal volatile. Stir the pot pourri every day with a wooden spoon or wooden skewer and in a fortnight's time it should be sufficiently matured to go out into the pot pourri bowls, where if you wish to give it a start you will spray it with a little rose water.

Another method which is said to be very successful is to sprinkle salt on to the petals while they are actually drying and to add 2 oz. bergamot oil, 2 oz. powdered orris-root, 1 oz. angelica root, 1 oz. cloves, 1 oz. powdered cinnamon, 1 oz. powdered nutmeg, 1 oz. gum-bensoin and a few drops of musk oil. In this case, the dried petals and leaves are put into the jar in layers an inch thick, and between each layer, a little sprinkling of the prepared spices is made plus an equal quantity of fresh salt.

If you would like to try the truly old Elizabethan bowl, then include with your 14 lb. of petals, ½ oz. grated nutmeg, 6 oz. bergamot, ½ oz. allspice, a pinch of musk, and pour over all (if you can spare it) a gill of brandy. Coriander seeds and the Jamaican peppers were also sometimes added.

When the pot pourri jar is full, put on the lid and leave it there for a month, stirring it once a day with a wooden spoon. Should the petals appear to be very dry and brittle, then add a little oil of lavender. A pot pourri correctly made should remain fragrant for years. All it needs is to be stirred once every six months and a little more salt sprinkled on, and perhaps the addition of a little lavender water to encourage the petals to throw out renewed fragrance.

END

The Look Of Summer Fare

(Continued from page 45)

Finely mince liver, eggs and onion, then mix with Worcester sauce, lemon juice and seasoning to taste. Add enough of the liver stock to make the mixture of a spreading consistency. Put into a mould and place in refrigerator. Brush lightly with a little semi-liquid aspic before serving.

Jellied Salad

2 cups grated raw carrots
1 cup drained crushed pineapple
1 packet lemon jelly
1 cup pineapple juice
1 cup boiling water

Bring water and pineapple juice to the boil, pour over jelly tablet, and stir till dissolved. Allow to cool, and when semi-set stir in the grated carrots and crushed pineapple. Set in refrigerator or in a cool larder. Unmould and top with black cherries. This is a very pretty salad, and mayonnaise sauce is a good accompaniment.

Aspic of Lobster or Crab

1lb. lobster or crabmeat, diced
1 cup diced tinned celery
2 chopped gherkins
Juice of 1 lemon
½ cup cold meat stock
1 cup hot meat stock
1 tablespoonful Worcester sauce
1 oz. gelatine

Soak the powdered gelatine in the cold stock, then add hot stock and stir till dissolved. Cool slightly before adding Worcester sauce and lemon juice; season to taste. Allow to cool; when semi set add the chopped fish, celery and gherkins. Set in one large or several individual moulds, and turn each mould on to a lettuce leaf. Serve with mayonnaise.

Stuffed Eggs

1 hardboiled egg per person
1 small tin sardines
A little butter
Seasoning

Halve the eggs lengthwise and remove yolks. Pound the sardines with the yolks and a little butter, then fill each half egg case, smoothing the filling flat. Join the halved eggs together with a little aspic jelly, so that only a thin line shows that they were ever cut. Lay each egg carefully on a lettuce leaf and pipe a little of the yolk and sardine mixture around as a garnish. You can substitute cream cheese for the sardines if you prefer it.

Iced Coffee

Make one pint strong coffee, and stir in sugar to taste while hot. Chill, then add one pint creamy milk. Stir well, and chill again. You can top each glassful with a whirl of whipped cream, as an extra touch of luxury.

Iced Tea

Stir freshly made tea into glasses one-third filled with chopped ice. Add a slice of lemon or a sprig of mint to each glass. Iced tea must be chilled quickly for full flavour.

END

A Moment In Time

(*Continued from page 48*)

work, which had reached a crisis at a corner.

When we decided to go to bed, Mrs. Forsyth unbent.

"Is this your first visit?" she asked graciously.

"Yes; it isn't yours?"

"Good gracious no, my dear. We have been coming for years." She ended, with a quiver of age in her voice: "They know us here, and all our ways."

"And our friends know where to find us," said Antonia.

"Some of our friends come here, too, which makes it very pleasant. For example—" as he passed "—Colonel Whitby."

This was the man who seemed to know them well. He smiled, we smiled, and he went on his way. Miss Forsyth got up and ran after him, as we followed towards the lift.

"George," she said, "could you possibly lend me—or sell me—or even give me a stamp?"

In spite of the light tone of her request, I thought that he looked at her earnestly.

"Well, Antonia, I haven't a stamp."

"I shan't ask you to post it for me. I am sure you are very thoughtless about letters and it would stay in your pocket for weeks."

He flushed uncomfortably, and said: "I shouldn't be in a hurry to get a letter off tonight, in any case. It won't catch an earlier post."

She looked at him again.

"Tomorrow you may find it unnecessary."

"Of course," she said, with a lovely warmth of gratitude. "Then I should feel awfully silly, shouldn't I?" She laughed, said good night, and left us. He, however, did not seem to find anything at all amusing.

Next morning I thought that as she came out of the lift she scrutinized pretty sharply the occupants of the lounge and dining-room, and I felt angry with this man who was causing her so much disappointment.

She smiled warmly at the children, and they began to talk to her immediately, as to an old friend.

"We are going to the beach this morning," confided Nancy, "and this afternoon we are going to see Hamington."

"Oh?"

"Yes, Daddy says it is a horrid place and we must see it while we are here."

She laughed and turned to wish the flat-footed waiter good morning so gaily that he walked away with a springy gait that lasted for four or five steps.

"Hamington," she resumed, with a slight frown. "What time are you leaving?"

"As soon as we have had lunch," said Nancy, through her cereal.

"Can we give you a lift?" asked my husband.

"Oh, no, thank you. We don't go far from the hotel." She glanced at her mother, and I thought again that it was a shame that this vital and charming woman should be so tied to even a nice old lady. That, of course, was it—she wouldn't leave her mother, and her devotion would naturally make a little cold-

(*Continued on page 74*)

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ness between Mrs. Forsyth and the unknown.

At lunch-time the children were loath to leave the beach, and from the terrace Antonia watched with amusement our efforts to clear the sand off them. We did not want the pleasures of digging and bathing to pall, and were firm. We forced them into clean clothes and took them down to lunch.

When we got up I noticed that with a word to her mother Antonia got up, too. My husband started with the children for the car, but I went to the alcove by the door and collected best hats and my handbag. Mrs. Forsyth watched me idly, but her gaze suddenly sharpened, and she called: "Waiter!" in a high, agitated voice.

I straightened up to see if the old lady was all right, but the waiter had already reached her and been sent away to fetch Colonel Whitby, who left his soup and immediately joined the old lady for a rapid, whispered conference. He marched out of the door and across the hall, making to my surprise for our car where it was drawn up in front of the hotel with the children climbing into it, and my husband a few yards away consulting a map.

On the far side of the car, half screened by it, I saw Antonia. She was talking in a low voice to Nancy, who was looking at her with a scowl of concentration.

"Here is the money," said Antonia. "Stick on the stamp and post it very carefully, won't you?"

Her manner was as sweet, as kind as ever, and I don't know what made me fly down the steps after Colonel Whitby to save my children from some contaminating presence.

She turned, and saw him.

"Antonia!" he said sharply, and she looked at him with a wild resentment in her eyes, and came at once to meet him as if hoping to divert his attention from the car and its occupants.

HE said to me over his shoulder: "I am so sorry this has happened. Would you please ask your little girl if Miss Forsyth has given her a letter, and if so if she will hand it to you?"

I advanced, but Nancy, frightened not by anything that had happened, but by the emotions she perceived in the air, burst into tears and held out the letter to no one or anyone. Colonel Whitby said: "Do you mind?" and took it.

Miss Forsyth, to our amazement, went up to him and struck him hard across the face. She flung up her hands with a despairing cry and ran back into the hotel; the Colonel, wearing himself a look of despair which was almost ridiculous, ran after her. My husband came to abruptly in defence of the peace of mind of his family, and started to make a third in the procession. I caught his arm.

"Let's get away at once," I said, "and take Nancy's mind off it. We can't ask them anything at the moment."

I, too, was angry as I climbed into the car, and took my weeping daughter on my lap. I was not sure with whom. Dozens of wild speculations ran through our minds. Some we even exchanged, but none seemed likely. Jailers and keepers seemed inevitable but unbelievable.

The children soon forgot the episode and had a hilarious afternoon, not sharing our dislike for the detestable resort. When we got back Colonel Whitby was hovering in the hall.

"Mrs. Forsyth feels," he said awkwardly, "that some sort of explanation is due to you."

"So do I," said my husband coldly.

"She is not very well, and her daughter is with her."

We sent the children to have their supper, expressed not very warm sympathy with the invalid, and sat down.

"I don't know," said Colonel Whitby, "if you have noticed anything about Antonia?"

"She seems to be expecting someone."

"She has been expecting someone for twenty years."

We stared at him.

"When she was a girl she got engaged to a young man to whom she was devoted. None of us thought much of him. He was weak, but then that generous sort of woman so often marries a weak man and carries him contentedly, or more or less contentedly, I don't know which, for the rest of her life. I suppose she might have been happy.

"She was very happy then, except that her mother didn't care for Jervis. She suspected he was too interested in her money. Perhaps she was right." He debated within himself, as if he had done it a thousand times before. "I am sure she was right. They had even fixed the date of the marriage, and then he broke it off. He didn't give any reason, except the right one—that he wasn't worthy of her. A few months later he married the silly daughter of a very rich man, and they live in his father's beastly house in Surrey with their two hateful children."

His venom delighted me.

"Ever since Antonia has been expecting this man to join them."

"You mean to leave his wife?"

"Heavens no! You don't understand. She doesn't realize that there is a wife. She doesn't realize that it was ever broken off. She never goes into a room without looking to see if he is there. She never opens a door without looking up. The — the unfortunate episode this morning was because she realizes occasionally that he has not been to see her for some time. She writes to him expressing anxiety about him, and a longing to see him, and sympathy in the worries of his work, but never, never any doubt about his feelings for her."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"It is always the same letter, word for word. It was the last letter she wrote to him before she got his breaking off their engagement. Her mother sometimes asks me to help intercept it."

"But, good Lord, do you always succeed?"

"Not always. But she doesn't often write. The people at the desk here, and the neighbours and staff at home, won't post any letter addressed to him. That's one reason they come here year after year. Their home is isolated, too.

"Her mother always knows when she has written. They are seldom out of one another's sight, and the old lady has developed a sixth sense about it.

"She only writes," he added, staring at us tragically, "when she is better."

"Better?"

"Don't misunderstand me. Except for this she is the sanest, best balanced woman.... It's like someone who has had an accident, and can't remember anything about it, only the moment before it happened. She remembers his being expected, and never coming. Sometimes she gets a little nearer and remembers that he hasn't written nor been to see her for a long time, and then she writes. But she never remembers the crash—the letter from him breaking it all off."

"You said you don't intercept all the letters?"

"Not always. Then he writes Mrs. Forsyth a stiff protest calling it persecution and making vague threats. Oh, don't worry," he said, seeing our concerned faces. "He won't do anything. Naturally, his wife doesn't like it; they don't open the letters any more, of course, but it must be a bit unpleasant."

We sat considering types of unpleasantness. After a while he added: "I am very sorry about your little girl. Antonia dimly suspects that there is a conspiracy to prevent her posting letters, and I am afraid it is her weak point. We say, of course, that she doesn't know what happened, but some part deep down in her does know, I am sure, and is frantic."

"Does she never expect an answer? She never seems to watch for mail, only for a person."

"SHE daren't expect an answer. The part I spoke about knows that it has had one. I am certain there is such a part because when this wretched fellow broke it off something must have chosen to take it this way. If she could have felt embittered, or revengeful, or changed her affections easily, she would not have needed to escape into this."

We were thoughtful. He said, half pleadingly: "You do see, don't you, that it is because she is such a good woman and could not harbour any unkind thoughts that she is like this?"

"Yes," I said doubtfully, "but if she had been a stronger woman—after all, it has happened to other people, and they——"

"Stronger!" he said in contempt and anger. "It is her strength that has been her misfortune; the strength of her feeling for that young pup, to begin with, and the strength of her determination to feel no resentment."

We looked at his heated face, and were silent.

Miss Forsyth and her mother left the next day, having had dinner and breakfast in their room. I am sure it was the old lady, and not her daughter, who could not face the dining-room. I was a coward and avoided them, but I don't know what else I could have done.

I saw them waiting for their taxi in the hall, and watched the daughter's tenderness and competence in dealing with her mother's disabilities. She went, handsome, serene, and beautifully dressed, to the desk to pay their bill, and the door on to the drive was pushed open behind her.

She turned immediately. A porter came in. She sighed, continued the transaction with smiling good humour, said goodbye to the people about the hall, and they went out.

Colonel Whitby spoke to them as they sat in the taxi. Then he turned and marched away off to the moors. I suddenly realized that my pity had been transferred to him.

"Both of them fools," said my husband.

END

July Reading

(*Continued from page 49*)

perhaps 40,000 to 50,000. By 1086 some 100,000 of Norman or foreign stock had come over—one-tenth or one-fifteenth of the old population—and these included needy, greedy vultures eager to grab lands filched from English and Danish lords, also "saintly psalm-droners" keen to cash in on forfeited English sees and abbeys. He surveys families with known descendants, here and in America, but all will not be grateful.

Probably the best book on "the Garden of the Mediterranean" was Francis M. Guercio's **"Sicily,"** published in 1938, which debunked spurious romanticism and showed that there was much more in Sicilian life than appears in *Cavalleria Rusticana*. A revised edition (Faber, 30s.) covers Fascism, the second World War, and postwar changes, including the partial revival of the Mafia. One doesn't need to be visiting the island to benefit by the learned chapters on history, customs, traditions, and the treasures of its towns and villages, but those doing so will find it, with its thirty-two pages of photographs, an admirable guide.

Bees droning busily in our July gardens should make us curious about the discoveries of Karl von Frisch in **"The Dancing Bees"** (Methuen, 16s.), translated by Dora Ilse. When they have discovered a rich nectar source, how do they communicate it to others in the hive? By a whirling kind of "round dance" which causes great excitement, he says. The others do not just *follow* to the exact place, they are incited to seek it in turn. Colour-sense is another of many problems tackled in this illuminating, well illustrated book.

There's a lot of valuable advice zooming around this month. Veronica Dengel, who runs a celebrated Fifth Avenue salon, seems to cover every conceivable problem for women in **"All About You"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.)—health, beauty, dress, career, social manners, even how to find, attract, interest, secure, and hold the man you want! The range terrifies me. How could any man be worthy of such erudite goddesses?

Doris Grant, who believes that "we are

what we eat," is mainly concerned with wise dieting for (and against) common ailments in **"Dear Housewives"** (Faber, 7s. 6d.). Her own health, eighteen years ago, was saved by the Hay diet. She gives helpful tips, with recipes.

Lord Beaverbrook's **"Don't Trust To Luck"** (*Daily Express*, 3s. 6d.) is a revised issue of *Success*, published in 1921. It is full of robust counsel to go-getters, and I agree that "the first £1,000" counts as the real struggle, the test of character! After that you just take things in your stride—I can see youngsters stampeding for that first thou. after reading this book—and *not* from the Pools, either. That wouldn't be playing fair.

Few of us have thought of the lot of the Anglo-Indian Eurasian under the change from British to Indian rule. Their problem is focused through railway official Patrick Taylor and Victoria Jones, the girl he loves, in John Masters's novel **"Bhowani Junction"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). She is pulled two ways—by a brusque British colonel of Gurkhas who pays violent court to her, and by an Indian—but cannot escape her Eurasian destiny. Indian scene and drama are vividly presented; there is fire in Mr. Masters's writing, as in Kipling's, which makes his work tense, exciting, fiercely individual.

Subaltern in the first World War, brigadier in the second, Strang Methuen is dogged by the bully he thrashed at school, now fellow-officer Hermiston, who gets him framed on a cowardice charge, seduces his wife, again attacks his honour. When, finally, Strang gets the chance of redeeming his reputation through valour he is blamed for throwing away his men. Within this framework, Bruce Marshall gives us a caustic study of public-school and Army boneheadedness in **"Only Fade Away"** (Constable, 12s. 6d.), and a last-minute repentance on Hermiston's part belonging more to melodrama than to grace.

B. Traven's **"General From The Jungle"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) is Mexican Indian Juan Mendez, who leads 600 rebels against dictatorship, to find for themselves land and liberty. The haphazard campaign is forcefully portrayed—and the chaos after the dictator has abdicated. It has the realism of a documentary rather than of fiction.

Rayne Kruger sends an Englishwoman artist into Berlin, and the Russian sector, in quest of a lost legacy from a German relative in **"My Name Is Celia"** (Longmans, 10s. 6d.). She becomes physically entoiled by a sadistic young thug, typical of the grim background Mr. Kruger interprets so well. The suspense is in waiting for her to be freed.

Family, money, love—Mazo de la Roche again holds us with these dominant interests in **"The Whiteoak Brothers"** (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.), a Jalna story of 1923, in which the young poet Eden—"Poetry and making money go extremely well together. I wonder that poets in the past have never tried it"—tempts sundry Whiteoaks to invest in an Indigo Lake Mine. Even Granny with her parrot falls for the scheme, though others who met him should have sensed that Kronk, the company promoter, was a synonym for crook. The Piers-Pheasant love romance is tenderly idyllic, the whole satisfying because reality is never sacrificed to brilliance.

Sir Thomas More is not as colourful a subject as Jean Plaidy's previous ones, but she novelizes him with customary skill in **"St. Thomas's Eve"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.).

Nelia Gardner White's **"The Spare Room"** (Constable, 10s. 6d.) is a homely sentimental U.S. story about a small-town nurse who takes in a young man whose car runs out of gas. She reminds him of Keats; he turns out to be a publisher whose girl has slipped him on their wedding eve, and just wants to be where no one knows he is. Naturally he finds solace, but you will need more than one guess at her identity before the gentle gulp at the end. . . .

Also recommended for this month:

"Royal Purple," by D. A. Ponsonby (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), the story of a young girl in the intrigues of life at the Court of George II.

"The Best Stories Of Peter Cheyney," edited by Viola G. Garvin (Faber, 10s. 6d.). A representative selection—the best of a master story-teller.

"The Retreat," by Forrest Reid (Faber, 12s. 6d.). A novel which captures the magic and wonder of boyhood.

"The Violet Crown," by G. R. Levy (Faber, 12s. 6d.). The story is told in autobiographical form by Deinomache, mother of Alcibiades—the scene is Athens in the fifth century B.C.

"Crazy White Man," by Richard Morenus (Hammond, 12s. 6d.) is another "back to nature" tale—six years in the Canadian wilderness.

In **"Gael The Sailor"** (Putnam, 12s. 6d.), Anne de Tourville's latest book tells of the adventurous life of a Breton sailor in his many travels around the world.

"Leopards And Lilies," by Alfred Duggan (Faber, 12s. 6d.). A story of the time of King John and the Magna Carta.

"More Humorous Tales From 'Blackwood'" (Blackwood, 10s. 6d.). A new collection of tales in a humorous vein.

Monica Edwards in **"The Unsought Farm"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.) tells how she bought a ruined farmhouse and seventy wild acres of poor land, and of the struggle to make it a going concern.

"Dalmatia," by Eric Whelpton (Hale, 18s.) describes the scenic wonders of this unforgettable land, its people, its history, and its glorious resorts.

In **"Adventure Into The Unconscious,"** by John Custance (Christopher Johnson, 18s.), the author comes "to terms" with his own mental illness, and relates it to the struggles of everyday life.

"Small Talk In Sussex," by Esther Meynell (Hale, 12s. 6d.). A book of country matters, some small, some more important, but nearly all concerning Sussex.

"Contemporary Embroidery Design," by Joan Nicholson (Batsford, 16s.). In a delightful and enthusiastic book the author shows how embroidery can be a joyful, creative, and popular craft.

END

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"You Wash, And I'll Wipe"

(*Continued from page 62*)

over, and his early ventures into floor polishing were a delight. They lasted quite a while, until I noticed a recurrent complaint of odd pains in his back. . . . I suppose all tall people hate stooping. He always steps *over* barbed wire—I crawl under it. I polish the floors, too, now.

THEN there is the shoe-cleaning orgy. He spreads sheets of newspaper on the dining-room table, collects the household's entire footgear—so that for the best part of an hour every Sunday morning we go about barefoot—and wades into the shoe-cleaning. Even coloured shoes he tackles, though with a slight frown. His favourites are the deep browns which he rubs and polishes tenderly with a faraway look in his eye as if he hears again a bugle's call or smells the tang of a harness room in the palmier days.

And that monster shoe-clean has to last seven days—any mid-week accretions of mud are the shoe-owners' own responsibility.

So it all comes to look something like this:

I do the fires, cook the meals, *clean* the children, *clean* the shoes, fetch the fuel, carry the paraffin, dust, mop, iron and wash. . . .

He washes-up, *polishes* the shoes, bathes the children (sometimes) and tells me I mustn't lift heavy things . . .

Yes, I *am* the victim of a conspiracy—a conspiracy on the part of men to conceal the fact that man's traditional chores are just eyewash (watch the martyred look in his eye if I get a skein of wool out when he's just lighted a cigarette).

Men have, in fact, faced with the economic necessity of taking their share of the household tasks, carefully sorted out the easier ones for their own preserve, making occasional manly gestures about fetching in the coals—always at some impossible moment.

What at first sight is so baffling is how they have *managed* to appropriate to themselves the easy end of the stick.. But is it really so perplexing, after all? Aren't a lot of these tasks of ours that we gloom over really only *traditionally* distasteful? We all shrink away from washing-up—but why, in heavens name? Once, our shrinking may have been justified—but not today, with constant hot water on tap, detergents and easy-clean sinks. Just look at *him* at the sink. He obviously *likes* doing it!

Still, bless him, he *is* trying to help; and I've a nasty suspicion that this business of "sharing the chores" can lead to more domestic equilibrium than if he was just to go off and leave it all to me. Darn it, we must be fair—and it looks as if we need a new approach to the "share and share alike" problem.

MY theory is that men like the methodical jobs and like to tackle them fully-dressed and in their right waking mind—which is one of the reasons, I suppose, why he lies in bed while I make the morning tea.

All right then—he doesn't know anything about it yet, but he's going to tackle the methodical jobs and I'm going to do some of those he's been doing, sitting firmly on any inclination to regard them as distasteful, because I know it's an attitude of mind not justified by the facts.

Number one on the list is a group of those jobs I know he's only too pleased to tackle in his own time and his own way, but which have drifted into my province because he's never there at the right moment and because I can do them perfectly well and would rather do so than wait until the weekend. You know what I mean: it's either too dark or too late to do anything when he gets home in the evening. In summer he keeps carefully out of the way if there's a clogged gutter in the offing until it's too late "to get the ladder out now": in winter he gets home early but it's dark anyway. I'm going to let the gutters pour till the weekend in future. . . .

And also in this group are such things as door knockers and silver—he'll polish away for hours given half a chance, while I hate the job. I also hate sorting out the mess in my cleaning basket when I want the polishes for something else—so now he's getting a polish basket of his own to live with the boot polishes, saddle soap, dusters and the black polishing brush which "*must not be used for brushing caked mud off the children's shoes.* . . ."

For some extraordinary reason he likes jobs that involve the use of patent household cleansers, presumably because the "before and after" contrast is so startling, but possibly because he can display obviously hard-worked hands. Anyway, bath-cleaning, the sink-tidy and bits and pieces of the electric cooker are his to handle in future.

The washing-up stays as it is. He does a giant clean-up last thing at night on week-days, and the weekend session in exchange for the early-morning cup of tea. Washing itself remains mine. Fortunately we have a "sit and wait" laundry nearby to fill our need until such time as our washing machine comes home. And ironing is mine, too. I can't stand watching him painstakingly spending eleven minutes over each handkerchief and carefully ironing the inside of a pyjama jacket. . . .

THEN there is the bed-making—he'll happily go round dragging the clothes across the divan beds and then hang about waiting for me to notice that he's "done the beds" for me. Privately I wish to heaven he'd leave it alone. He really is trying here—but in more senses than one, unhappily—so, for the sake of my own sanity, *I* do the beds.

The fire bogy remains—for the moment. It's a never-ending source of amazement to me that while he's perfectly capable of lighting a fire outdoors with "two matches" in the best Boy Scout tradition and even, I believe though I've never seen it done, making a fire to boil tea in the pouring rain in a hollow scooped out of the wet ground—never, never, can he get a fire going in our living-room.

STILL, he likes cleaning out the grates and brushing soot from the fireback—so we've a very obvious compromise here, particularly as he's had some all-night-burning fires installed. The fuel carrying is my fault. He can't do it without getting his feet dirty—neither can I for that matter, but I don't complain about *my* footmarks! So he's going to operate in the coalshed, and from coalshed to back-door. Then it's my province. . . .

So, basically, there isn't going to be a *lot* of change, but such changes as we do make will steer us clear of friction. I don't say that *our* solution is necessarily likely to be anyone else's. In the end it's a matter of individuality—which is one of the reasons, I suppose why, contrary to the popular picture, I retire to bed with a heavy electric torch under my pillow "in case of burglars" while he relaxes in the sleep of utter content at the end of his day's work. . . .

END

The Period Air—In Miniature

(*Continued from page 51*)

Certain colours seem to be essentially informal and contemporary: the sharp limes and citrons, the vivid cherry reds. Some, mostly delicate pastel shades, on the other hand, have a formal, restful, almost "period" quality in their own right. Lavender, cyclamen pinks, lemon, Adam green: how rarely are these used in a purely contemporary setting because they actually counteract the effect of contemporary furniture. For our present purpose they have the added advantage of creating a sense of space, especially if combined with sparkling white paintwork as they so often were in the past.

The modern room is considerably lower as well as smaller than that of the past and if we want to achieve a feeling of restfulness we shall have to avoid breaking it up by, say, panelled wall treatments or by a contrasting cornice. Taking the wall treatment right to the ceiling—whether or not there is a picture rail—will help to make the room taller and airier. And make the ceiling a paler shade of the wall colour, not dead white.

As in our colours, we must look for a formal, "static" quality in our fabric for these, too, all add to the atmosphere of the room and even change the character of a piece they cover. The "primitive" drawing of many modern printed linens, the knoppy, three-dimensional effects of modern textured fabrics would strike a jarring note at once. Instead, we shall choose the softer, more gracious textures of chintz or damask and look for patterns which, even if contemporary, draw on the past for inspiration: a design of Grecian motifs or of Empire wreaths to mention but two that have just been introduced and would be quite at home in even a period room.

Usually, formality of arrangement, the symmetrical as distinct from the asymmetrical, contributes to the general feeling of the kind of room we have in mind. This applies to both furniture and *objets*. Prints and pictures hang in regular groups, perhaps four small ones at each side of a side-table with a larger one over it. Symmetry tends on the whole to create a sense of dignity and peace.

There is a small point which I cannot explain but know from experience to be true: that loose covers with a frilled or pleated valance to the floor immediately help to give a room the kind of atmosphere we're after. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that "leggy" furniture always tends to crowd a room and make distracting patterns against floor or windows. Or perhaps with the fact that the character of upholstery is determined largely by its cover so that even a modern settee will harmonize with period furniture if it has a loose cover of the right fabric.

What kind of furniture shall we choose for our room? Oddly enough, if some of it has to be new, I should say contemporary furniture *of the right kind*, blended perhaps with older pieces or a few genuine antiques. For well-designed pieces of any period will live well together if they are similar in feeling, whereas what the furniture shops so euphemistically and erroneously call "traditional" furniture is never really happy with anything.

The kind of contemporary furniture to avoid is the straight-lined, boxy type: the square-armed settee that is more suitable for a modern flat. Take a hint from the curves of the curtain treatment and look for furniture whose design is also based on gracious curves. There *are* contemporary chairs like this. Some have modified wings and many have buttoned upholstery which has the right flavour for use with prized older pieces.

The wood we choose is important. For in the type of room we admired the timbers—usually satinwood and mahogany—were as refined and sophisticated as the shapes of the furniture and the patterns of the fabrics. That coarser-grained "peasant," oak, and particularly the modern light oak, demands an entirely different setting. Fortunately, much contemporary furniture is mahogany—from a practical point of view the best furniture timber there is.

Low, horizontal furniture is more restful and space-making in a small room than tall, vertical pieces. Contrast in height is certainly necessary but it can be achieved by carefully-placed prints or groups of plates. A tall bureau-bookcase, for example, may be a feature of our model room but, unless perhaps it fits neatly into an alcove, it is not the best buy for a smaller room. A low Regency cabinet or commode would be better and have much the same feeling.

END

1.7.54

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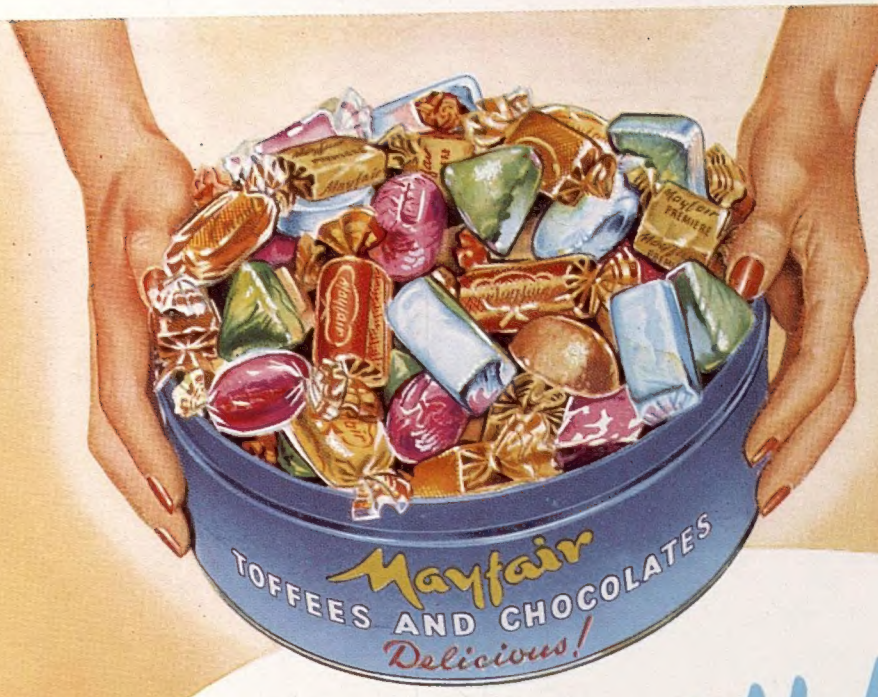

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